

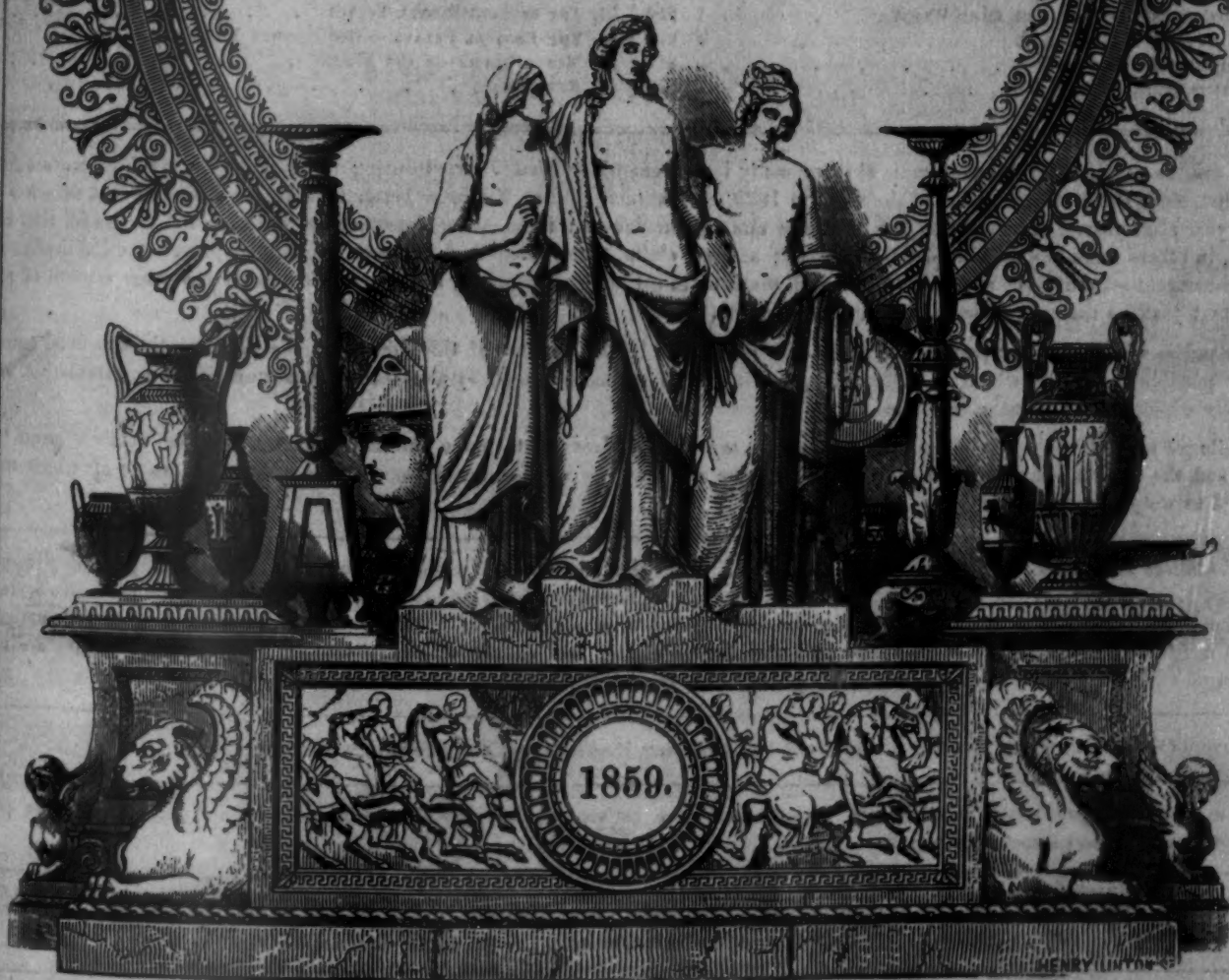
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JULY.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE ALMS-DEEDS OF DORCAS. Engraved by H. BOURNE, from the Picture by W. T. C. DOBSON, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. PRAYER IN THE TYROL. Engraved by P. LIGHTFOOT, from the Picture by P. FOLTZ, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
3. PURITY. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by W. NOBLE.

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Subscribers to the ART-JOURNAL will observe many improvements in that Journal during the year 1859: we hope we are free to believe that, since the first publication of the work in 1839, each annual volume has been better than its predecessor—that such has been the case year after year. Certainly this has been the aim of our labour: if, in some departments, we have not surpassed that which preceded, in others there has been an obvious advance; and we claim, taken altogether, to have annually improved the Publication since its commencement—twenty-one years ago. We shall continue to act on this principle, so long as we receive the large amount of public support that justifies the expectation of corresponding efforts.

The public will accept our past as a guarantee for our future in the conduct of this Journal. We shall continue to avail ourselves of every possible means by which to retain its place in public estimation, and, by augmenting yet more its large circulation, obtain that power which is ever essential to success.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1859.

REYNOLDS AT HIS EASEL.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 47, LEICESTER SQUARE,



On the fair west side, the side of the city where the London sun sets; this is the house we want—it is Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Hogarth lives opposite, at "The Golden Head," on the east side. In a little street opening out of the south side, Sir Isaac Newton once lived—so that we are in a quarter of good memories; and the bearded, bitter refugees, and Wyld's Globe, and the singing cafés, and the exiles' newspaper-rooms and debating clubs, are not yet dreamed of. Beside, is there not the statue of George II., on horseback, in the centre of the square; and a tree or two, and lots of cocked-hat promenaders—friends of Dr. Johnson, people who knew Wilkes, and Gibbon, and Bishop Percy, and Burke, and Boswell; and, to give the place a certain aroma of royalty, there, in the north-east corner, is Leicester House, where the Duke of Gloucester lives now—May 25, 1766.

Remember, reader, we are invisible men, with noiseless velvet feet, and more than the usual complement of eyes and ears, so that we are privileged, and, gliding through Sir Joshew-a's door-panel—not frightening the plump-legged footman with a knocker canonade—we pass at once into the hall. If we choose to throw off our cloaks of darkness, and just call "Tummus," we might get him to show us Sir "Joshew-a's" new exhibition gallery, or to kindly condescend to tell John to tell somebody to tell Sir Joshua's coachman to throw open the folding coach-house doors, and allow us to see the great artist's new chariot, which has carved and gilt wheels ("I won't have one like an apothecary," the knight said to his sister), and "the Four Seasons," blooming, to the wonder of the link-boys and chairmen, on its costly panels. It is a trifle like the Lord Mayor's coach; but Sir Joshew-a does not think of that, though "Tummus," if we were to sound him, may.

It is only half-past nine of a May morning, and Sir Joshua never comes into his studio till ten, so we are safe for a good half hour, and can look about. I can hear his bland voice now at his chocolate, inside that door we pass. The good old bachelor, I know, rises at seven, and breakfasts at nine: he is at it now—you heard that tap, that was cutting off the top of an egg—a Devonshire egg, too—it came by the coach this morning.

Tread softly—this way. I feel like a burglar

who has just taken the hats off their pegs in the hall, tied a handkerchief round the alarm-bell, put on list slippers, and lit his wax candle. This way—gently: this is his study—an eight-cornered room, 20 feet long, 16 feet broad, and 15 feet high.

There is but one window, and that is small and square, with a quiet, unfluctuating north light, coming, as the London artist's favourite light does, from Highgate; the sill, on which is a slight deposit of snuff-like London dust, is nine feet from the ground—just, in fact, within one's reach. Gently, so that we are not heard.—Turn round now, and observe, sideways to the light, on that square platform covered with faded red cloth; the sitter's chair, that moves glibly on castors, and stands about a foot and a half high (I measure it for the sake of accuracy with a foot rule I always carry in my pocket)—yes, exactly a foot and a half, for I find the top of the red baize, now a little brown about the edges, touching the dark line that marks the third half foot on my ivory rule. Northcote is not yet Sir J.'s pupil, and will not be for some years; but some other of his drapery painters have laid everything ready for the great man on the side-table already by the large straddling mahogany tripod easel, with its shifting rack, drawers for bottles and brushes, and ledge patiently subservient under the weight of Mrs. Hales's portrait—Mrs. General Hale, in the character of Euphrosyne; Euphrosyne being, in fact, a smiling, tripping portrait of the second daughter of Mr. Chaloner, a Yorkshire gentleman, and better known at dinners and routs as the sister of Anne, Countess of Harwood. The famous Marquis of Granby, immortal in the last century's tavern-signs, flaming in scarlet and fine linen, leaning on a mortar, and quite indifferent to a lively little engagement in the background, is there, too, with his face turned, like that of a naughty boy, to the wall; and next it, equally hidden, except to our keen eyes, is a half-length of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who is some years hence to be heard of at China, much to our national advantage. There also is the great square boxwood palette, with the long handle and oval hole for the Devonshire man's thumb—just as you may see it now in a certain London print-shop window; the inner circle of it is yellow and shining, the outer rim is a little darkened by the sticky lakes, and ochres, and ultramarines, that our experimentalist uses for his dangerous and too-often fugitive dead colouring. There, like a sheaf of arrows tossed in a bundle from a giant archer's quiver, are the brushes of the great magician, clean washed in cleansing turpentine by the chattering, mischievous pupils, ready for to-day's triumphs. The mahogany handles are eighteen inches long, for Sir Joshew-a paints broadly, and at a long distance from his model. He paints standing, too, so that he may perpetually recede from and advance to his sitter, be it Granby's marquess or Clarence's duke.

Up at seven, breakfast at nine, studio at ten, think over attitudes and adaptations till eleven, sitters till four, then dinner at five—nap; evening to the world of sitters (Monday evenings, the Club). This is Sir Joshua's day, surely as the sun rise; unless he be off for a trip to Paris, or his beloved native Devonshire, Raleigh's country, and Herrick's. By his brushes lies that brown coffin chest of a paint-box, locked, as it always is, for fear of some of our colouring experiments and discoveries cooing out through prying students, jealous visitors, or knavish servants, who have been known to sell secrets: not that "Tummus," a Devonshire man, or our negro servant, would do this, but still it is as well to be on the safe side, and only the rogues about us, if there are any, will be vexed at the precaution that baffles their curious eyes.

What! can I believe my eyes?—no—yes—yes it is Sir Joshew-a's diary; the little double-columned book—one column for names, and one for memoranda, and the names of his sitters for this month, entered in his large, honest, good-natured sprawling hand. His prices, let me tell you, invisible friend, as you are helping me to inventory the great man's studio, are just now, three-quarters, twenty-five guineas, half-length, one hundred guineas, whole lengths, two hundred guineas. Let us read the names for a few months of this year—1766; we are sure to come upon some celebrity, or some one we know something about.

10. MR. ALEXANDER.

10½. MR. BLAIR.

11. LORD BRUCE.

1½. GENERAL BURGOYNE.—Our unfortunate American friend, I suppose. He little thought of the Indians here, though they do smear themselves with just such vermilion, general, as Sir Joshew-a is now kneading on his palette.

11. SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.—Some relation to the ingenious caricaturist, I suppose.

1. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CAMDEN, holding Magna Charta. I know—a truly mental picture, full of pride of place, legal weight, and constitutional dignity.

10. MRS. HORTON, afterwards a widow, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland, and therefore much tormented.

HORNECK, MISS MARY.—Ah! here is indeed an old friend. Why, this is Goldsmith's "Jesamyn's Bride,"—probably the first love of the mercurial poet, and who, when he lay in his coffin, sent for a lock of his hair: a charming portrait indeed.

Take care—shut the book, for fear Sir Joshua should come bustling in suddenly. Thank heaven, it will not be till long hence—indeed, Monday, July, 1789—that Sir Joshua, finding his eye obscured by a growing disease, will stop working at Lady Beauchamp's portrait, will lay down his brush, sit for a moment in silent thought, and then, with a sigh, lay it down all but for ever. It seems as long a time to look back to that rude portrait drawn in ink on Sir Joshua's bed-room wall, at Plympton, or since he drew that window in perspective in his Latin exercise, at school, and his good old father wrote on it, in a little neat, incisive hand, "Done by Joshua at school out of pure idleness." I observe, by-the-by, looking back at last year, that Sir Joshua had one hundred and twenty sitters.

I am afraid Sir Joshua, though a bachelor, is not very particular about his studio being kept neat, for I observe, evidently left from yesterday's campaign, a great ring of brown dust, which I believe to be the famous Hardham's 37, the snuff from 37, Fleet Street, that Garrick uses and puffs. There it is, all round the easel, dropped in lavish slovenliness—a trail of it marking the artist's walk between the easel and the throne. It is rather a weakness of Sir Joshua's, and, in fact, he sometimes sets his wits and beauties sneezing, so that they lose their expression and spoil their attitudes. The six sitters of to-day will not like it. I know he, Sir Joshew-a, is so bland and courteous they will not like to say anything, remembering the story at Blenheim, of how he refused to let the servant the duchess sent sweep up the snuff till he had finished painting, observing that his picture would suffer more injury by the dust than the carpet could possibly do with the snuff.

Sir Joshua, who was up at seven, and has gone out for a breezy walk round the park with his little niece, Offy Palmer, will soon be here. As ten strikes he is generally in his studio, opening his portfolio of Vandykes, or seeing if his last portrait is dry enough to paint on. Three minutes to ten—count it; one, two, &c., sixty—



one, two, &c., sixty—one, two—I hear the door open, the rattle of a tea-spoon, and Offy's merry laugh. Take care! O yes!—we are invisible, I forgot. Here he comes: a man of middle size, full-fleshed, but not corpulent; blunt, kindly features, beaming spectacles; upper-lip deeply scarred, from falling down a precipice when out riding in Minorca. His complexion is of that rosy floridness that healthy middle age, even in London, sometimes wears; his face is round; his white wig bushy and bobbed; the veins on his full broad forehead are prominent; his mouth is twitchy and sensitive; his eyes keen and observant. His face wears a little of a deaf man's anxiety, and he carries the inevitable ear-trumpet, that acknowledgment of an infirmity that Johnson disliked so. Reynolds has still a great adversary in Ramsay—Allan Ramsay's clever son. Romney has not appeared above the horizon; but there is rough Gainsborough, a dangerous rival in Pall Mall. Though not yet president, Sir Joshua—as we call him, though he is not yet knighted, and West is gaining all the attention of the court, and hoping to establish an academy—looks a quiet, courteous, sensible gentleman as need be: silent at his easel, but able to talk, well read, travelled, and schooled by duels with Johnson to some subtlety and accuracy of reasoning and conclusion. Now, with his spectacles, full cravat, frilled shirt, deep-collared buttoned coat, lapelled waistcoat, and Michael Angelo watch-seal, he looks born for rank, does the Devonshire clergyman's son; and if I wanted a special word to express at once the chief characteristics of Sir Joshua, I should choose the adjective "respectable"—that, apart from his genius, is what he socially is. Barry is a raving Irish savage beside him; Gainsborough a distempered clown; Wilson a red-nosed and drunken boor; West a Methodist churchwarden. We know he is parsimonious in his household, inclined to secret jealousy, cold, and inclined to be dictatorial; not an impulsive, warm-hearted man, but an agreeable-tempered, bland worshipper of the "respectabilities," slow of invention; rather too free a borrower from the old portrait-painters, and in everything but colour experiments, prudent, discerning, and safe. No doubt answers may be found to these charges by men who like to think their heroes angels, and do not want the truth, or the hard instructive reality; no doubt he helped Dr. Johnson to do good by alms; no doubt he gave Gainsborough one hundred guineas for his "Girl and Pigs," when he asked only sixty; no doubt he once gave a starving artist £100; but he was a screw at home, and fidgetted his servants about the candle-droppings and cheese-parings, when he had a snug £60,000 lying at his bank. We must remember, too, that many people thought themselves defrauded by the fading of some of Reynolds's experimental pictures; and that his women, as Walpole, the clever chatterer, says, were thought unsuccessful, and his poor children too courtly and polished. This is what my invisible friend says, for he is one of those who like to see the true man painted, and not an impossible virtuous lay-figure; and he is going on till I threaten to throw off my invisible cloak, pull Reynolds by the coat-tail, and tell him all the scandal.

Shut, then, your scandalous mouth, and gaze with admiration and hushed reverence on that chair which Barry will one day stand over, with generous tear in his eyes, when it was given him by Reynolds's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. That chair has held, or will hold, nearly every great man and beauty in Reynolds's half century: antiquarian Percy, the indirect founder of modern poetry; Burke, the orator; Robertson, the historian; Warton, the poet; Mansfield, the patriarchal judge; Gibbon, the historian of the later Roman empire; the stu-

pendous Johnson; the unfortunate Warren Hastings; stupid Lord Anson, who went round the world, but never saw an inch into it; Goldsmith, the immortal, who dedicated "The Deserted Village" to Reynolds; Sterne, the humourist; Walpole, the memoir writer; Ferguson, the astronomer; Banks, the man of science; and the brave Lords Heathfield and Ligonier. Unsuccessful as he was sometimes in likenesses, we must remember that he has perpetuated greater men, and more of them, than either Vandyck, Titian, or Rembrandt—great, I mean, in the intellectual, best, and wisest sense.

This snuffy floor, too, I venerate it much, though it is covered with a brown layer of Hardman's 37, more than if it was that of a relie chapel, because here stood and sat the models of his ingenious pictures: here sat that dreadful beggar-man, with a fortnight's beard, and traces of ardent coal-heaving in his face, grinning that dreadful grin, which Goldsmith afterwards said reminded him of Dante's Ugolino, by the name of which sufferer the grinning coal-heaver's portrait was eventually christened by the would-be imaginative great man.

Shall I now (as we are about it) throw off my dark cloak suddenly, and out and ask Sir Joshua—or hadn't we better go down stairs and tease the old servant, Ralph Kirkman, for some stories of the great man's models? I think by these means we shall not merely gratify a very excusable curiosity, but obtain some very useful clues as to the extent and facility, or otherwise, of this our artist's invention. Now this Puck, for instance, this inimitable little brown goblin, tossing his frolicsome legs on the round top of a spongy mushroom—the picture that Walpole did not like, and that Alderman Boydell would have painted for his Shakspeare Gallery—was it taken from a chubby beggar boy that Sir Joshua found sitting on the steps of this very house that we are in in Leicester Square; or was it from the stray street boy who, afterwards becoming a brewer's porter, was, singularly enough, years after when grown old, present at the sale-room when this very picture was put up to the hammer? or was it, which is more likely, painted at first from the stray boy, afterwards one of those sturdy champions in quilted coat and leather armour, that you see riding luxuriously on Barclay's drays, and afterwards repainted, at Boydell's request, on the mushroom as Puck, and finished from what do you think, invisible friend of mine?

"I give it up."

Why, from a dead child, pale and flaccid, borrowed from a hospital, and bandaged up in the position of the laughing goblin. Sir Joshua was full of these expedients; for Mason tells us, that just as he painted hungry "You-go-lean-O" from a grinning coalheaver or street beggar, with a fortnight's beard on, so he painted some of his cherubs from a mirror suspended at angles above the heads of children sitters. His fancy and historical pictures were, in fact, merely portraits, and often originated by chance circumstances, for Sir Joshua's periwigged imagination was not a nimble-footed one, and was not always at hand when called for. His "Children in the Wood," for instance, arose from the fact of a beggar child, who was sitting to him for some other picture, falling asleep, and looking so innocent and calm, that Sir Joshua instantly put a clean fresh canvas on his easel, and painted in the head; and then, as the child turned in its sleep, he drew on the same canvas another study of the same head. Some leaves, an orange-breasted robin, and some boughs, were then added; and the dish, so spiced and cooked, was henceforth known as "The Children in the Wood." This very child nearly came to a bad end; after being thus immortalised, for one

day, the beggar-mother let it fall out of her arms from the raised throne, but luckily the child escaped unhurt. In his allegorical picture of Dr. Beattie, Reynolds introduced a portrait of lean, wizened Voltaire, and a fat man's back, that everybody would christen Hume's. Then, let us not forget that chubby little giant, the boy Hercules, drawn from the son of a tenant of Burke's, down at Beaconsfield, where the rusticated artist saw him, robust and happy, rolling on the cottage floor. He grew up to be a farmer, and is, we believe, still living, though not able, like Puck, the brewer's man, to remember being carried a struggling youngster to the studio, where he knew, for the base consideration of lucre, he would have to lie stripped and shivering on the throne for a mortal hour. We will not stop, sneaking behind Sir Joshua in this disagreeable invisible way—both of us perpetually afraid that in walking backwards from his picture he will stumble against us—to discuss whether Sir Joshua's Thais was the celebrated Emily Bertie, or the no less unfortunate and beautiful Emily Coventry, who, accompanying a lover to the East Indies, died there; nor will we delay or lose time this blessed May morning, when we want to get out and see the young green on the May leaves, and the tender warmth wooing them to unfold, by stopping to describe how, opposite that mirror you see there, Dr. Beattie the poet once stood in his robes for five hours, while Sir Joshua painted him; or how, by accidentally turning to look at the old masters that hang round the octagon room, Sir Joshua's sitters have won a grace which has been instantly, with consummate skill, caught on the canvas. Here leering Sterne, with the crescent mouth, arch eyes, and bumping round forehead, sat with one finger on his brow; here Mrs. Siddons gazed, as if listening to a voice from heaven, or like the Pythoness on her throne.

This, too, let us remember, is the room where Sir Joshua sometimes said sharp things to impertinent sitters, presuming on the vulgar accident of wealth. Here he said to Sir Timothy Tunbely, who complained that the pattern of his lace ruffles was not enough made out, "That is my manner, sir, that is my manner;" and to Lady Goldsack, who was very fond of displaying her long glove-stretcher hands, "Madam, I commonly paint my hands from my servants."

Now let us go visit the inner room, where Reynolds's pupils work. Northcote is not there yet, but there is Humphrey copying, Zoffani chatting, or Gill, the Bath pastrycook's son, finishing some drapery in the broad historical way. There are casts in the room, and hosts of unpaid for and rejected portraits, for Sir Joshua was not always lucky in his likenesses; and here are some of the old masters he is so proud of—some bought to scrape, and peel, and flay, to discover Venetian secrets; others to gloat over and study; and a few damaged and St. Bartholomewed by picture dealers (the hardened sinners!), to work upon and repair. Here are sunny Claudes, monotonous and a trifle dull with figures, that showed Claude, as Sir Joshua says, sometimes "did not know what he was about;" learned (pedantic) sketches by Poussin; a wonderful dark Velasquez, who "does at once what we all try for with so much labour;" the doubtful portrait of Milton, bought of a dealer; "The Witch coming from Hell with a lapfull of Charms," by Teniers; Michael Angelo's Madonna and Child, in oil; Ludovico Caracci's study of a head for the Bologna picture of Saint Antonio; and a Sheep-shearing by Bassano. Particularly observe those two portraits by Velasquez, because they have been touched up by Reynolds himself; that full-length portrait of Philip IV., when a boy, has felt his brush; and to that

Moor, blowing a flageolet, he painted an entirely new background. And here, too, is one of his rare half-dozen landscapes—a view of the Thames from his own villa on Richmond Hill.

Perhaps you know that Reynolds is sadly deaf (as that ear-trumpet of his implies) from a cold caught by painting in winter in the un-aired Raphael Rooms of the Vatican, so Sir Joshua in the next room will not hear us; and I can tell you that these portfolios are full of prints and drawings, which the great painter never refuses to lend to any poor artist who comes hither for advice, trembling, nervous, and downcast. Generally, regardless of the chance of these valuables being seized for rent, he lends willingly from his Gaza of art; but sometimes he will seem worried by the perpetual interruption, and send home a poor fellow to mope idle in his garret for a month. Sometimes he tells a conceited dog merely to "Go on, go on;" sometimes, "Ah! I see you have been looking at the old masters—go to nature." To others he talks of Italy and Michael Angelo, or laughs at his old master, Hudson, whose works have all gone up into the garret. Here, perhaps, Toms, the drapery-painter, is working, and from him Reynolds goes out for a moment's breathing to pet the eagle that he keeps on a perch in his back area, or goes to feed his parrot, being, to tell the truth, a little vexed by something Toms has said. Great men don't like to be crossed in their dictums: now Toms, forgetting he is merely a serf and a drudge—really a dull, heavy workman—can sometimes be very independent and reckless in what he says, which, for a serf and Gibbonite, is aggravating. You can see Toms is sulky—wrong-headed, ill-judged Toms!—by his keeping his head down, and grubbing away silently at his drapery. Well, what was it? It was this. There's that Toms, wilful and impatient—not, perhaps, much enjoying his profession, or the fog end of it—never listens to Sir Joshua's directions, and only last week, in consequence, painted Lady Trumpington in a court dress instead of Melpomene's robes, which was tormenting in a serf like Peter Toms. Well, about one o'clock, just as Lord Breezely is gone, and before the Honourable Mrs. Carder is come, in runs Sir Joshua, palette and brushes in hand, and a trail of snuff following him, having just taken a biscuit and glass of sherry for luncheon—runs in to see how Toms (knowing his carelessness) is getting on.

"Why, Toms," cries he, "good heavens! you have made Lady Trumpington a court lady instead of a Musidora. Tut, tut! dear, dear, dear—Toms, you ain't worth your salt! This is how you are always vexing and worrying me. Tut, tut! Tut there, it won't do; you must paint it all again. I must not have my orders neglected in this way. Didn't I tell you, by Ralph or Margaret, to put blue about the sleeves, and here you have put red. There—there!"

It was no doubt vexing; but it was rather sad, it seemed to me, to see Tom's pale, hopeless, immovable, sickened face look up, and in a deprecating way, with that expression on it that a spaniel puts on when you raise your arm to beat it. Drapery painting for two guineas a week is not lively work, and the drudge's heart perhaps ached over this picture. He looked up sorrowfully first at the lay figure that held the drapery more patiently than the worn-out drudge, and said in a low voice, "I can do no more to it, Sir Joshua; you ought to be more explicit when you give the pictures into my hands."

Sir Joshua (taking snuff, and putting up his ear-trumpet, as if he was going to wind a horn with his ear, as Dr. Isander plays on the Sandwich Island flute with his nose). Tut, tut!

Toms, don't bandy words with me; your drapery doesn't accord with the head.

Toms (fretfully). That is, Sir Joshua, because your heads are painted on a diminished scale.

Sir Joshua (spring up). Eh, eh! diminished scale? What! Do you say that I paint in a little manner? Did you say mine is a little manner (puffing)?

Toms. No, Sir Joshua—no; but I say, that your heads are less than life.

Sir Joshua. And I say that—

Footman (flings open the door). Lord Deucace and the Marquis of Sizes.

[Exit SIR JOSHUA, with a fierce look at Toms.]

Shall we ever see Toms again, the poor drudge? Yes, once, as we, with eleven other gentlemen, shuffle up stairs to a St. Martin's Lane garret, with spider-web windows, where, on a little rickety deal table, near a square-looking glass and an empty bottle, lies a razor, with the blade covered with dried brown blood, and on the bed, under a sheet—

—"Let us get out into the open air, gentlemen, this garret is oppressive."

Indeed, this equable, angel-tempered man, like most of us, had ugly little fits of temper at times, and could make up in a moment or two for some weeks of phlegm and equanimity. I am afraid that even in matters of temper the old Adam has its compensations. I have known religionists eat to repletion at table; too often, I think, a certain abstinence leads to the outbreak of some neighbouring vice, for to keep badness under is like keeping sand in one's closed fist—it is sure to leak out somewhere.

When Sir Joshua was using fleeting lake and carmines for his flesh, and trying to retain the fugitive colours by imprisoning them in imperishable cages of varnish, he used to get very petulant if any one told him vermilion was more durable. Then he would hold up his hand to his silvery spectacles, and say testily, "I can see no vermilion."

Sometimes the Toms of the discussion would say,—

"Well! but, sir, did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh colours!"

Sir Joshua (sharply). Sir, what signifies it to our discussion what a man used who could not colour. But you may use it if you will."

[Exit abruptly through the concealed door into his study.]

I see in the world I walk through and fret about, men with many sorts of temper, but all the classes may be divided into two great divisions:—

THE SMOULDERERS and the FLAMERS.

I see no others: the one rankle, and chafe, and sulk, and remember; the others explode, clear the air, and forget. Sir Joshua was a good, kind man, but still a smoulderer. He was too cautious and reserved to be of the true strike-and-forget race. Barry abused and insulted him, and shook his fist, and called his "Discourses" "poor mistaken stuff," Sir Joshua smiled blandly, shifted his trumpet, took snuff, and turned away. Not long afterwards he said to a friend, "If there is a man in the world I hate, it is Barry." They lie now side by side in the Abbey quietly enough—and there let them rest.

In his quiet, cutting way Sir Joshua could be severe on sitters. If one pretty actress laughingly told him that her face "was freckled as a toad's belly," he quietly laughed at her artful vanity. When the Nabob wrote to him to add "the Titian tint and the Guido air" to a picture, he laughed quietly at the fool's ignorance; when the Duchess of Cumberland (a parvenue) condescendingly offered to sit to him at his own house, he laughed quietly at the inevitable pride of parvenuism. Was not this

just the man, when all silly London was flocking to see Madame le Brun's portraits, to say to a foolish admirer of the novelty, "Yes, they are very fine—as fine as those of any painter, living or dead." "As fine as Vandyke." "Yes, and finer."

The May-day is really wearing so fast, that if we stop much longer we shall be in time (in our invisible dark cloaks) to see one of Sir Joshua's weekly scrambling dinners. Eight laid for—sixteen come; guests asked at the last moment, all the arrangements left to the servant by our bachelor friend, who is not a clever host, though a kind one. Dinner at five exactly; wait for no one. Not knives enough, or glasses enough, or plates or forks enough—more like a picnic than a dinner. Not servants enough; beer, bread, and wine never ready to be got. Talking tremendous, and disputative. Johnson's voice thunderous; the way he eats the Devonshire cream, and drinks the Plympton cider, is terrible to any one but a doctor to contemplate. Sir Joshua does not praise the venison, or press any one to take anything. Peers, doctors, lawyers, actors, musicians, historians, every one scrambles for himself, and talks, laughs, and wrangles. Sir Joshua is easy, conciliating, and unaffected, full of anecdote, and most conversable and unostentatious. Gibbon tells a story of somebody finding Essex's ring in the concealed drawer of an old cabinet. Boswell praises the port at the Mitre. Johnson says beef-steak pie is a good thing if it were ever cold (he has just burnt his mouth—1770). Burke is great on the antecedents of some pompous nabob.

If any man's life may be summed up in a series of pictures, it is surely Reynolds's.

First, the little round-faced son of the Devonshire clergyman stealing time to copy the prints from Plutarch's lives, and Catts's "Emblem," or lining out artful diagrams from the Jesuit's Perspective; next copying Guercino drawings in Hudson's studio, surrounded by pompous full-lengths, in blue velvet coats and white satin waistcoats, or with his "fat-headed" master at a sale, pressing forward to touch the thin, long hand of Pope, just as Northcote afterwards pressed forward to touch his. Next in the Sistine Chapel, standing rapt before Michael Angelo's great autograph, or sighing to find himself not enthusiastic enough at the Raphaels; or noting down in pocket-book "The Leda," in the Colonna Palace, by Correggio, is dead-coloured white, and black, or ultramarine, in the shadows, and over that is scumbled, shiny and smooth, a warmer tint of asphaltum. Then, having driven Liotard from the field, and established in Great Newport Street (now Mr. Gibbs's, the print-sellers), talking to Johnson, laughing over a man looking at his picture and saying, "Reynolds, you have fallen off: Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" or in the great house in Leicester Square, dining with Sterne, quizzing Goldsmith, reasoning with fat Gibbon, or moralizing with Warton. Next entering the room where Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser are discussing the founding an Academy, and being hailed by them with one voice as "President;" being cheered by students in the Oxford theatre, when he appears in his new scarlet gown, with Beattie, a D.C.L.; and shall we miss him that rare evening, at the St. James's Coffee-house, when the epitaphs were written, and Goldsmith read, amid applause:—

"Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Then in Bolt Court, by the death-bed of Johnson, taking his chilling hand, and promising, with tears dimming his spectacles, never to touch brush again on Sundays. Then by the death-bed of Gainsborough, clasping his hand in generous reconciliation. Then that sad

July day, when he felt his sight failing, and laid down his brush for ever, and said, "I know that all things on earth must come to an end, and now I am come to mine." Then blind and dejected, groping about Leicester Square in search of his pet canary, that had strayed; and lastly, grave and silent, lying in state in Somerset House, in the black velvet coffin, with Burke and Barry, Boswell and Langton, Kemble and John Hunter, and Towuley, and Angerstein, looking on in the room hung with black cloth.

And now, throwing off our dark cloaks, and advancing to the foot-lights to speak the epilogue, let us give a short summary of this great man's excellences and defects. We all know the rich, genuine tone of a good Reynolds—the old Stilton texture, the tone as of a picture "boiled in brandy," the mellow yellows, the transparent reds, the sunny browns. We know his grace, ease, and variety, the thoughtfulness and dignity of his heads. We know he painted not merry grace like Gainsborough, and prettiness, like Romney, but wisdom and dignity, like Titian and Vandyke. We may regret that his pictures have faded, but cannot reproach a great man for making experiments in colouring which were not always successful. We must remember, too, the humility of genius with which he spoke of his eclectic and unsuccessful search for Titian's great secret; how graciously he says, "I was influenced by no idle or foolish affectation; my fickleness in the mode of colouring arose from an eager desire to attain the highest excellence." No doubt, we must allow that in pursuit of this chimera Sir Joshua sold pictures for large prices, that were literally mere dissolving-views, turning after a time to worthless withered canvas. There is no reason, either, to assert that his admiration of Michael Angelo was a sham; for he takes care, in his admirable "Discourses," to point out forcibly the aberrations of that great Florentine. But what we most regret in Sir Joshua is not so much his attempts to trick up his portraits into historical pictures, as his lamentable exhortations about the ideal, and his mischievous advice to students to paint generalised drapery, as if anything could become ideal by the sacrifice of truth.

A NEW METHOD OF MOULDING IN PLASTER;

WHEREBY THE HARDNESS OF MARBLE
IS COMMUNICATED TO THE CASTS.

We never contemplate a fine plaster cast without lamenting the fragility of the material of which it is formed. To the beauty and purity of fine plaster casts there is, in addition, a softness which no actual chiselling can give; and certainly this reflection of the tool which we find in good casts approaches nature in a way that captivates every artistic intelligence; but we never see a plaster cast without a strong impression of that extreme tenderness of the material which renders it susceptible of injury on occasions of the most trifling accident. Its ready and accurate assumption of form has constituted gypsum the most valuable auxiliary of the sculptor; but its liability to fracture is an imperfection which reduces it to the condition of a temporary utility. Many attempts have been made to harden it by the mixture of lime, alum, and other substances, but these additions have failed of the desired effect. A communication, however, has been made by Signor Abate, of Naples, to the Paris Academy of Sciences, of a process for hardening plaster, which he describes as entirely successful. In a course of experiments, it is observed that the varieties of gypsum are of different degrees of hardness—some being of a solidity equal to that of marble—that its consistence depends less upon its chemical constitution

than upon natural or incidental circumstances antecedent to the agglomeration of the molecules; for, indeed, there are kinds of gypsum of the same chemical constitution which are of different degrees of hardness. The burning of the natural matter in the preparation of plaster effects no change in the chemical composition of the material—the result of burning being only the expulsion of moisture, estimated at twenty-seven or twenty-eight per cent. These facts suggested, that in the preparation of a hard plaster for sculptural purposes, the natural condition of the material should be imitated as closely as possible, and consequently in mixing the plaster that the proportion of water should not be greater than is found in nature,—and that by powerful mechanical pressure the mass should be as closely consolidated as possible; for firm cohesion depends upon the compression of the mass. The ordinary method of preparing the plaster is wrong in principle, the result being most defective. A material, however, as hard as that found in nature is producible, but only in obedience to the natural law. The great affinity for water existing in gypsum is always gratified to saturation in preparing it for casting. The quantity of water added may be averaged at two hundred per cent.—that is, a proportion of eight times the quantity found in the stone in its natural state. Evaporation immediately commences, and the water which is driven off leaves behind a porous body, susceptible of damp, and which, by the alternations of heat and cold, soon suffers a disconnection of the particles.

Many methods have been tried to reduce the volume of water usually mixed with the plaster; and those artists who have been experimenting with a view to its induration, have found the most satisfactory method to be, the introduction of the water in the form of steam, which is thus effected.—The dry plaster is placed in a cylinder, mounted in such a manner as to turn horizontally on its axis; and in connection with this cylinder is a steam apparatus, by which means the plaster receives in a short time the necessary quantity of water, which may be adjusted by weight to the greatest nicety. Even after this process the gypsum still retains the condition of powder, and so conceals the presence of water. The plaster being thus prepared, the moulds are filled, and the whole is subjected to the action of a hydraulic press. A few moments suffice for the pressure, after which the casts may be removed.

The process is at once easy and economical, the cost of casting being simply that of the material, when the proper moulds have been obtained. The same observation, indeed, applies to the ordinary method; but it frequently occurs that improvements are attended by additional expense. Casts thus made are very substantial, and take the brilliancy of marble. The finest bas-reliefs—even those of medallions—are reproduced equally perfect with the original. The method has been known for some years, and the inventor has exposed casts thus made to the action of the weather, and thus far the experiment proves them to be well fitted for exterior ornament; and according to the known processes of imitating marbles, any of these may be counterfeited with the most perfect success; and hence is producible an admirable substitute for marble at an insignificant cost. Supposing the material to possess that durability which Signor Abate attributes to it, from the experiments which he has made, the discovery will prove of inestimable value as a branch of commerce. Signor Abate suggests even that gypsum thus compressed might supply in architecture the place of cut stone. Buildings constructed of this material would have an effect superior to marble in richness, at only a fifth or a sixth of the cost of stone. But there is a question on which the ingenious Neapolitan does not seem to have touched—that is, the kind of mould qualified to resist the force of a hydraulic press. The material forming the moulds for such a purpose must be iron, and the cost of these must not only be very considerable, but they must be finished with the nicest art. All casts require more or less dressing when removed from the mould, and a material thus hard will require a treatment similar to that of marble. Of a discovery which promises so much we are very desirous of seeing some results, which will enable us to form a just estimate of its real value.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

PRAYER IN THE TYROL.

P. Foltz, Painter.

P. Lightfoot, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 8½ in.

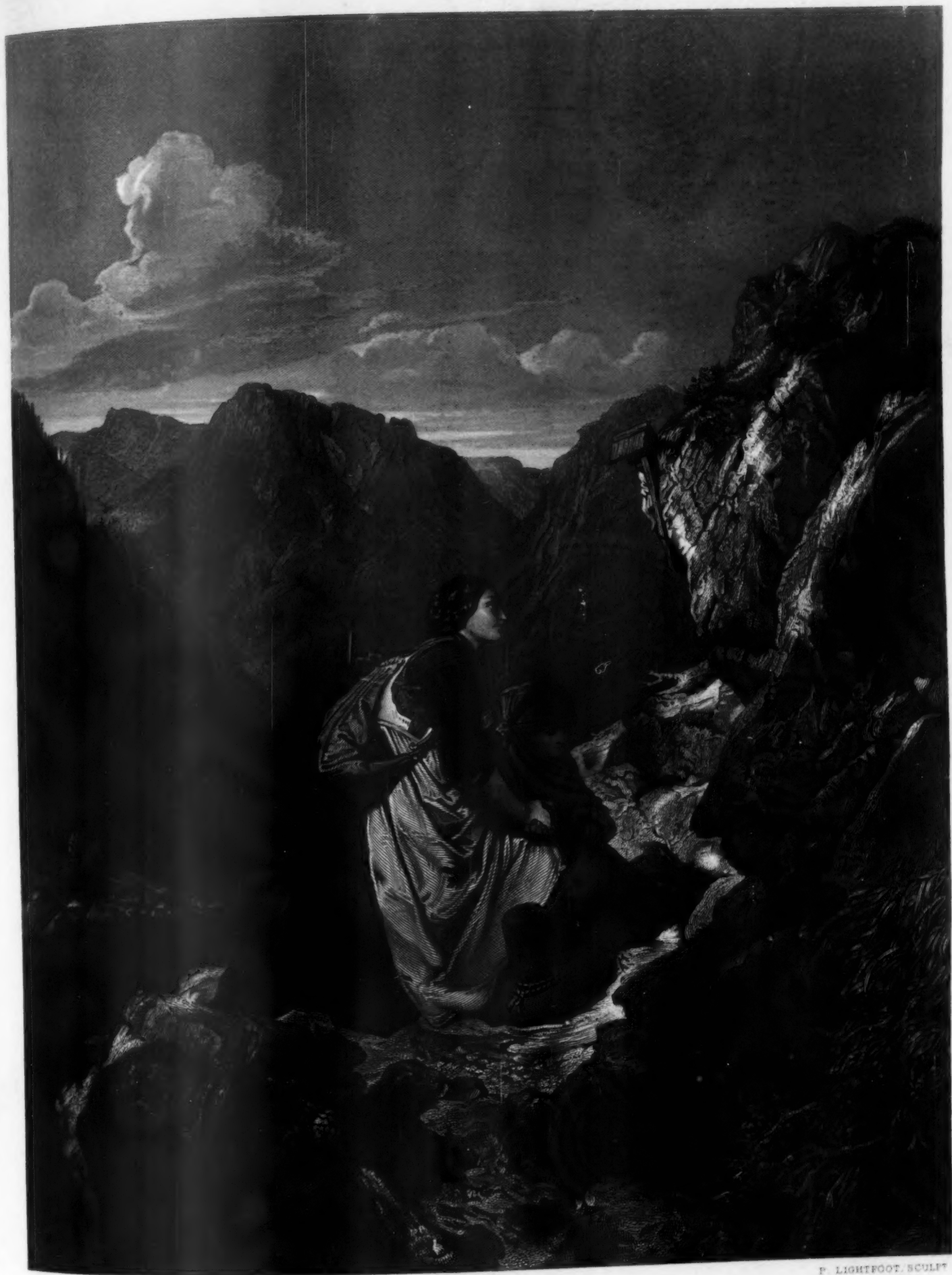
FOLTZ has been greatly distinguished by his illustrious patrons in England: this is the third picture by him contained in the Royal Collection; yet his name is but little known beyond the confines of his own country; engravings from his two other works have already appeared in this series. "Prayer in the Tyrol" is not unworthy to be the companion of the "Jäger," and the "Jäger's Wife," though, as an example of clever painting, it shows to less advantage than these: the colouring is hard, opaque, and monotonous in tone; there is an utter absence throughout of air and light, while the general treatment is of such a nature as to render the task of the engraver not very easy, in order to produce an effective print. Painters rarely work with the object in view of having their subjects translated by means of the burin, or they would assuredly adopt a different method of arrangement and colour to that so frequently employed.

We have pointed out what we consider the defects of the picture, because they are seen, to a certain extent, in the engraving: it would be impossible for any engraver to conceal them entirely, and we would not have our readers suppose they had escaped our observation; its merits point in the sentiment it conveys, and the lesson it teaches. No one who has travelled in Roman Catholic countries but must have had his attention arrested by the numerous aids to devotion, in the form of crosses and wayside altars, which meet the eye. The adherents of the Romish Church embrace every opportunity of keeping its followers firm in the faith, and reminding them of the duties it imposes. Few Catholics have to complain that there is no outward and visible sign of their creed to recall them to their allegiance, when inclined to forget or forsake it. Here, amid the silence and solitude of a vast range of Tyrolean mountains; and by the side of a path which none, one would suppose, but a daring hunter or a chamois would venture to tread, stands a rude effigy of the "blessed Virgin," before which a peasant woman and her child kneel in lowly adoration, quite regardless, as it seems, of the fact, that the slightest false step on rising would precipitate them over the rocks into the depths far below, and bring them to an untimely and fearful end; such a catastrophe appears imminent from the position occupied by the figures. If, however, any such idea has crossed the mind of the elder, whatever fear it has engendered is quieted by the assurance that the "holy mother" will protect her worshippers.

The lesson to be learned from the subject of the picture is, that it recognises an omnipresent Divinity: this pious woman may be ignorant of the creeds of her Church—she may not even know the names of one tenth part of the saints that fill up the ecclesiastical calendar; her faith in its doctrines may be of the weakest character; but she has found in this wilderness of mountains a symbol of One whose spirit she believes to be present with her, and who will hear and answer her supplications. Such memorials, in the eyes of a Protestant, are allied with idolatry; yet it can scarcely be denied that they are without a beneficial influence where purer doctrine and teaching are absent.

A very strong religious feeling pervades the Tyrolean peasantry, and to it may be attributed the constant appearance of the crucifix on the roadside in every part of the country. Upon more remote paths, leading from one valley into another, crosses are erected to serve as guide posts; and it has not unfrequently happened that by this means the benighted traveller has recovered his road, or been saved from destruction, as a flash of lightning has revealed to him the crucifix, so that the symbol of his faith has become the landmark of his journey. Occasionally they are placed near spots where some fatal accident has occurred, which the memorial records, with the name of the sufferer, and an entreaty to all who pass by to offer a prayer for the repose of the dead. Possibly Foltz may have witnessed such a scene, and made it the subject of his picture.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



P. VOLTE PINXT

P. LIGHTFOOT SCULPT

PRAYER IN THE TYROL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

9 JY 59

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 3.—BURLOWE THE SCULPTOR.

THE year 1837 left many lamentable mementoes behind it. England, France, Italy, &c., were visited by that terrible scourge, the cholera, and among the many thousand victims that fell was poor Burlowe the sculptor. In the September of that year I left England for Rome, and saw in my journey sad and abundant evidences of the ravages of this fatal epidemic. The number of deaths were at that moment so reduced, that time was given for interment with the usual ceremonies, and this modified condition spoke volumes for that which had passed and preceded it. At Paris the still open public graves told the terrible fact that confidence in its cessation was not fully established, and that more victims might still be expected, and perhaps in such numbers as scarcely to afford time for the decency and decorum with which suffering mortality is usually consigned to the earth. In Italy it was far worse. In my curiosity to look about me at Paris, a city I had not visited for some years, at the Great Hospital of the *Hôtel Dieu* I was politely invited by the porters to walk upstairs, and see some cholera patients die, and encouragingly told that the *peste* was not all over yet, but that there was no danger. As the *velituro* passed along every now and then, we made way, or turned out of the road, the *velituro* first crossing himself, and then holding his nose and mouth with his hand till the corpses had passed. Every church and burial-place bore evidence of peculiar disturbance, and of course in every hotel—in every room and perhaps bed—in which we sojourned for the night, some sacrifice to the insatiable destroyer had been offered up. It was necessary to inquire when there were two different routes—which was not often the case—which was free. Once we met the military authorities, who congratulated us on our speedy arrival, and told us that had we been five minutes later we should have been pleasantly included in the circle of the "*cordon sanitaire*," which they were there at that moment to fix. The calamity, great and terrible as it was, appears to have afforded a good occasion for a plentiful supply of jokes, for, in addition to a witty ditty adapted to a certain air in *Fra Diavolo* in the succeeding carnivals in Paris and other places, many most apt representations of cholera victims, with the *double entendre* of dying blue, were got up for the amusement of the public. At Rome, I am sorry to say, a farce of a more terrible nature was for the period an everyday occurrence.

We started from Paris, and reached Florence exactly in twenty-eight days, paying ten shillings per day, which included everything—board and bed. At noon we had a good meal; at night another; and, being on the road every day from three or four in the morning till seven in the evening, we wanted no inducement to enjoy our bed. At Florence we met Gibson, Wyatt, and a host of the prudent, who had flown from the dreadful scene of disease and death to a spot the cholera had not reached; but the especial subject of my notice had unfortunately been left to take his chance with many more at Rome. I think it was about Christmas when we reached the "Eternal City." News in Italy travels at a snail's pace, and we did not expect to pick up much information on the road; but it was curious, that wherever a question was asked as to the state of the public health, the masters and waiters at hotels all pretended entire ignorance of any disease prevailing. At one place Gibson attacked the waiter, and remarked, "You don't mean to say there has been no cholera at Rome?"—"Altro!" exclaimed the fellow; "all kinds of reports are about." "But I know," continued the inquirer, "myself some that have died—one a dignitary of the Church."—"Puo essere!" returned the waiter; "he had overfed himself—that was all." Upon our reaching Rome, we found a very different account, and a fearful list of the absent was brought to light; and in my first inquiry I learnt the certainty of poor Burlowe's death. As the ravages of this dreadful scourge extended, a kind of mania appeared to seize the people. Every kind of extravagance was resorted to. The populace of Rome are generally sober, but

they now ate and drank as much as they could obtain, and mixed the delirium of intoxication with that more dreadful mania—superstition, a truly fearful compound. Bonfires were lighted in all the principal streets and open spaces, and processions made barefooted, carrying relics and chanting offices and functions, both by day and night. A continued outcry was kept up by the mobs in the streets. Frequently parties of people, mad or drunk, attacked those surrounding the bonfires; they yelled and shouted, and pushed each other into the flames; and this mad freak often ended in serious burnings, and hurts, and quarrels, in which the ready knife was employed on all that came within its reach. The police had lost all authority, and the charred and heated remains of what had been burnt was seized and whirled into the air and in all directions, without regard to the mischief it occasioned. The next moment, the mob fell into a passing procession, tapers were lighted, the bells of the accolites tinkled, all voices joined in the chant, till the church door was reached. In all the churches, as a friend told me, who had been a witness, the responses became uproars, and in the offices for the dead, and in the orations and prayers touching the reigning calamity, such was the effect produced upon a people of strong passions, and under peculiar excitement, that the most violent paroxysms of grief and despair produced the most fearful lamentations, and violent outbreaks, and cries of distress. In the midst of groans and sobs were heard the shrieks of unhappy wretches, who, overcome by excitement, had fallen upon the pavement, and were being crushed to death by the mobs, whom fear, terror, and drink, had rendered regardless of everything, and who, in their madness, passed over women and children calling for help, and dying under their feet. Sometimes a moody fit of savage devotion came upon the poor wretches, who blasphemed loudly, or stood in silence, barefooted upon the cold and stony floors, or who knelt and rapped their wretched heads with violent sounds upon the floor, or thumped their breasts in penance. In this way thousands prepared and offered themselves as ready sacrifices for the evil they dreaded. Under an influence so unnatural and terrible, it will scarcely appear strange that crimes of a nature almost unheard of were perpetrated. The Roman Catholic will seldom desecrate what his church holds holy, but here all restraint was thrown away, and men abandoned themselves to the devil, and assumed his nature. The infernal monstrosities of the *Beccamorti*, or those employed in carrying away the dead, cannot be named. A few of these wretches fell into the hands of justice, and were privately executed in the night; but the infamy was unchecked until it subsided with the wide-spread evil by which it was produced, and, whilst it lasted, the calamity and excitement appear to have deprived men not only of reason, but of humanity itself.

All epidemics of disease and insanity appear to act in a similar way upon men, and have their certain changes and phases of character, and so it happened here. The new form of madness that sprung up was a wild fancy that the infliction was not disease, but that poisoners were employed to destroy the health and life of the people, and that these were suspected to be English—a notion, however groundless it might be, that claimed and had its victims! There was at Rome, at that time, a teacher of languages, of the name of Alsheal, who, I think, was a Scotchman. This devoted man, amusing himself in the stirring scenes around him, had, it appears, strolled into that dangerous quarter of the town called *Trastevere*, beyond the Tiber, inhabited by some of the proudest, fiercest, and most jealous people of any quarter. While looking on at the mad freaks of the people surrounding one of the many fires burning, he either asked, or was asked, some questions by a child standing near him, and, as is supposed, pleased with its intelligence—for a native of that quarter would rather starve than beg—he was seen to give this little creature something out of his pocket, a *baiorecho* (a half-penny), or a sweetmeat, or something, and, at the same moment, the cry was raised of "a poisoner." A shower of stones, thrown with that dexterity that none but the *Trasteverini* can throw, assailed him; he was struck, poor fellow, and fell to the ground, and, in a few seconds, a dozen knives were in his heart.

In this state of excitement and confusion which prevailed everywhere, the poor victim, seized suddenly in his lonely lodging, could receive no ready aid or attention. Perhaps nothing can be more dreary than the places of abode of the unmarried at Rome: your home is a kind of kennel, in which you sleep, and where no other accommodation is found, your bed is "shook-down" in your absence, and your room swept while you breakfast and dine, work in your studio, and meet your acquaintance at the cafés, and never go to your home but at bedtime. You then make your way up long dark flights of stone steps, arrive at your door, grope your way in, provide yourself with a light, and tumble into bed, without seeing or speaking to a living creature. In this forlorn condition many an unfortunate recluse was suddenly seized, and died before any friendly hand or voice could reach him. The Germans, who are the largest class of students in that great republic of Art—Rome, had, with a praiseworthy prudence, organised a little plan for their own security; rendezvous were appointed where medical men were to be found, or heard of, and a certain number of the members were in continual attendance to run immediately for medical aid, and to make constant visits to the abodes of their compatriots, to ascertain the condition of things. Nothing of this prudent kind was done by the English, but something of the sort was just beginning, for the evil and the alarm had now extended even to the most reckless and thoughtless of a class distinguished by their loose lives and idle habits. The good example set by the Germans was, to some extent, followed; a few of the more sober and considerate began to make inquiries and visits to the lodgings of all whose absence from their usual haunts was observed. Upon one of these occasions it was that poor Burlowe was found. The visitor, with his cigar in his mouth, in his idle mirth, reached the dark and lonely door, on a high landing-place, and knocking and shouting for a minute or two, at last heard groans, and entered, and, to his horror, found his friend stretched upon the bed, rapidly sinking in the embrace of death. Many long hours had elapsed since the attack of the terrible disease, and nothing had been done; not a creature had become aware of the state of the poor sufferer. As soon as the presence of the visitor was known, and a few words spoken, the brave victim earnestly entreated him to fly, and evade the peril of contagion; for himself, he said, it was now too late to do anything, as another hour or two must end his miseries: he, therefore, made his remembrance to some friends, bade him farewell, and again begged he would fly and save himself, and leave him to his fate, which was already sealed. The terrified, but kind, little fellow—whose name I give you privately, not knowing whether or not he would like it made public—quickly determined what to do.* He knew it was of no use to do what we would have done at once in his own country—rouse the house; but, at the peril of his neck, in the descent of the stairs, he was, in a minute or two, among Germans he happened to know, and, instantly afterwards, in pursuit of one of their medical men, who, too deeply occupied, was not readily found and brought to the assistance of the poor dying artist. As soon as the doctor came, and saw the condition of the unfortunate man, stamping his foot upon the floor, and in a fit of angry grief, he exclaimed, "You dogs, you have suffered your countryman to die; why did you not come earlier? it is now too late." The last words fell unheard upon the ear of the poor sufferer—the last struggle was over: death had released him. The friend who was thus accidentally made the sad witness of this terrible scene, turned to take a last look of the remains upon the bed, which presented scarcely any trace of the well-known living form, when the terrible thought flashed upon him, that, within the next hour, the body would be torn away by the brutes and scoundrels engaged in the loathsome business of carrying out the dead. The doctor had flown, to render aid where it might be required; and he stood for a moment, pondering upon what to do. He knew it was necessary to secure any little loose

* Charles Lambert, son of the principal in the firm of Lambert and Rawlings, silversmiths, Haymarket. There can be no reason why this name should not be published. The gratitude of all the friends of poor Burlowe is eminently his.

property that might be lying about; and not feeling himself, at that moment, equal to the emergency, he locked the door on the outside, and went in search of some friend to assist. Upon their return they had but scarcely time for their purpose; and, in the next half hour, all that remained of poor Burlowe was hurried away and hid for ever.

I knew Burlowe intimately for some years before his departure for Rome, and had many reasons to respect him. I felt disappointed at not seeing him upon my arrival, but that disappointment was softened by hearing him spoken of with deep regret, tenderness, and esteem, by all who knew him. At a party, in which were that accomplished artist, George Richmond, and many other persons of taste, we were delighted with a female head, which Lord de Clifford produced as the first work of Burlowe's on his coming to Rome. Reflecting upon the character of the few attempts I had seen made by Burlowe, before he left England, I was surprised to see such an example of his powers, so strongly marked with a character of Art which might almost be called his own, so bold and free was it from any taint of mannerism or conventional imitation. It struck me as singular that this should have sprung forth so suddenly, and without previous notice, and as a proof-how little, in a pursuit like Art, the capabilities of men are to be tested or indicated by their first crude and unforced efforts. It is also curious that the attempt should have been made in a style directly opposed to that which was prevalent among the artists of Rome generally, being much broader and bolder, and perfectly free from the littleness found in beginners, and especially characteristic of a certain class of aspirants of the locality. It is, certainly, difficult to say to what extent of excellence and novelty in sculpture such powers might have been carried, but it is unquestionable that in Burlowe the world lost a very promising artist, as well as an honest, kind-hearted, and genuine good man. I should think Burlowe was about twenty-eight years of age; he was tall, well-built, fresh-looking, cheerful, open, amiable, and the very man that, meeting in the street and catching his pleasant eye, you would like to speak to, and be acquainted with. It may be well to say that Burlowe was the brother of that excellent sculptor, William Behnes, and that he took the name he assumed (I think his mother's maiden name), to distinguish his works from those of his brother.

[We have a little to add to this interesting sketch by Rippingille, who has so lately followed to the grave the subject of his paper. We knew Harry Burlowe well; and believe a better or more upright man never existed. He would, assuredly, have realised the hopes and expectations of his many friends; few men had more; they loved and respected him for his high moral worth, his large intellectual acquirements, and for that genius which was undoubtedly his. He was, to all seeming, destined to occupy a very prominent place in the art to which he was devoted. More than twenty years have passed since then; but our friend is still fresh in our memory. It may be interesting to add that the name he took was suggested by ourselves: it was not the name of his mother. He assumed it—calling himself Harry Behnes Burlowe—in order that his works might not be confounded with those of his brother, whose fame was established; his natural modesty, and high sense of independence, making it indispensable to him to work out a reputation for himself.—Ed. A.-J.]

RUSKIN'S "TWO PATHS." *

As with almost all others of Mr. Ruskin's writings, so with this volume, we have risen from its perusal with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment; pleasure derived from its many glowing, poetical, and truthful passages; disappointment at the small amount of actual, real teaching of Art which is placed before the reader; and, we are persuaded, that if the audiences to whom these lectures were respectively addressed had, at the close of the

discourse, been asked their opinion of what they had heard, nine out of ten would have arrived at a conclusion similar to our own. It may, possibly, be the obtuseness of our intellect which prevents us from seeing the end and aim of such teachings as these; if so, we can only lament the absence of appreciating faculty, both for our own sake and that of the author.

The fact is, Mr. Ruskin is either too much behind, or too far in advance of, the age; he would have us return to a state of nature in Art, or he would push us onwards to that happy period—that *Art Millennium*—when the earth shall be filled with nothing but what is pure, and beautiful, and good. Yet then comes the question—what is alone worthy of such characteristics? And here he differs from almost everyone but himself, while there seems to be little chance of any final agreement between him and his opponents, though we occasionally catch a faint glimpse, on his side, of retraction of previously expressed opinions. Most of us in England who have loved and studied Art, and think we know something about it, though, perhaps, we have only been deluding ourselves all this time, are inclined to believe that of the dead English artists are many worthy to be called great. Mr. Ruskin says we have only had five "real painters"—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, R. Wilson, and Turner—though he laughs at Wilson's "tree-painting." What can be necessary, in his mind, to constitute a "real" painter, when he can only find, within the last half-century, during which time our school has grown up from strong infancy to mature manhood, one man whom he thinks entitled to be so honoured? We admit he is not, happily, speaking of living artists; but supposing that every man of repute still among us was with the dead, how many of them, judging from his written records of their works, would he rank with the glorious few? Constable might, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, have made "a second or third-rate painter, if any careful discipline had developed in him the instinct which, though unparalleled for narrowness, were, as far as they went, true;" while the "harm" he has done in England is extending even into France, so that French amateurs and artists, as well as those of England, can admire, to Mr. Ruskin's regret, the painter of Suffolk meadows, and Suffolk water-mills. It is clear that if the lecturer is right, all the world beside must be wrong; and it is this dogmatic assertion—this assumption of superior wisdom and knowledge—based, as his writings too often prove, upon ground perfectly untenable, and from which he is himself constantly shifting, that renders them so unpalatable to public taste, and negatives the good which might otherwise be derived from the many truths he utters. Men will not take the trouble to extract the gold from the alloy, when the process is distasteful and derogatory to their understanding. Among the virtues he has yet to learn and apply to himself, is that of humility, or distrust of his own opinions; he shows too much of the Pharisee in his expositions of Art.

The volume entitled "The Two Paths," contains five lectures, delivered respectively at the Kensington Museum, Manchester, Bradford, to the Architectural Association in Lyon's Inn Hall, and at Tonbridge Wells; the subjects of each being "The Deteriorative Powers of Conventional Art over Nations," "The Unity of Art," "Modern Manufacture and Design," "The Influence of Imagination in Architecture," and "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art, and Policy." "Though spoken at different times," the author says, they "are intentionally connected in subject, their aim being to set one or two main principles of Art in simple light before the general student, and to indicate their practical bearing on modern design. The law which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate, is the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of 'Organic Form.'" "The Two Paths" are described as "one way leading to the Olive Mountains—one to the vale of the Salt Sea"—a mystical allusion which, with reference to Art, we cannot comprehend.

We remarked that Mr. Ruskin would have us return to a state of nature in order to produce what he considers to be good Art. He admits that good Art is essential to the happiness of a people, and yet asserts that great success in Art has been generally followed by national degradation; "even when no attack by any external power has accelerated the catastrophe of the state, the period in which any given people reach their highest power in Art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that, from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice, or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculptural paralysis, or a many-coloured corruption." If this were an actual, ascertained fact, it were surely better to

have no Art than to possess the power of producing what leads to such consequences. But the truth of the assertion admits of argument, nay, the assertion itself is at once negatived, if we will only allow that there may be two opinions on the question of good Art. Mr. Ruskin thinks there has been little, or none, since the time of Raffaele; most people consider there has been much; and yet the political condition of Italy, for many years after the appearance of the "divine painter," was but little inferior to what it was for many years before the world knew anything of the "Transfiguration" and the "School of Athens." Few persons, we apprehend, are disposed to attribute the decline and fall of the Italian princedoms to the successors of Raffaele and Michel Angelo. Athens, too, maintained her military renown long after the great sculptors of the age of Pericles had rendered his government illustrious in the annals of Art, as it was also in arms.

There is a passage in the same lecture to which we have just referred—that on "The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art"—which affords a proof of the inconsistency so frequently to be found in his recorded teachings:—"Wherever Art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of in what he interprets or exhibits, then Art has an influence, of the most fatal kind, on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle; whereas Art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind—full of comfort, strength, and salvation." And, a little further on, we find these remarks:—"You observe that I always say interpretation—never imitation. My reason for doing so is—first, that good Art rarely imitates; it usually only describes or explains. But my second and chief reason is, that good Art always consists of two things: First, the observation of fact; secondly, the manifesting of human design and authority in the way that fact is told. Great and good Art must unite the two; it cannot exist for a moment but in their unity." Now, how far these doctrines correspond with others propounded by the same writer in former books, must be decided by those who have read them; our own recollection of Mr. Ruskin's theories, even down to the appearance of this passage, is that the only good and great Art is that which is an exact imitation of nature, the facts which geology, and botany, and the heavens above, place before the eyes of the artist, who must take the cup of the convolvulus, the lichens from the grey stone, and imitate them; must daguerrotype the floating clouds on the surface of the canvas; "human design and authority" were to have no power over the work of his hand; whoever dared to exercise such power was, to use his own words, "to cut himself off voluntarily, presumptuously, insolently, from the whole teaching of his Maker in His universe."

Let us now point out one or two of the truths uttered by Mr. Ruskin in these lectures, and there are many which ought to circulate among us, either as warnings or encouragements. In his lecture delivered at Manchester, on "The Unity of Art," he says,—"Everybody is talking about art, and writing about it, and more or less interested in it; everybody wants art, and there is not art for everybody, and few who talk know what they are talking about; thus students are led in all variable ways, while there is only one way in which they can make steady progress, for true art is always, and will be always, one. Whatever changes may be made in the customs of society, whatever new machines we may invent, whatever new manufactures we may supply, Fine Art must remain what it was two thousand years ago, in the days of Phidias; two thousand years hence it will be, in all its principles, and in all its great effects upon the mind of man, just the same."

Speaking at Bradford, on "Modern Manufacture and Design," after describing in most poetical language a passage of dull, gloomy, smoke-covered landscape near Rochdale, and contrasting it with the scenery that met the eye of the artists of Pisa,—the "designers of the Gothic School of Pisa,"—Mr. Ruskin remarks,—"To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtle in touch and keen in sight; but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy; it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no

* THE TWO PATHS: being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufactures, Delivered in 1855-6. By John Ruskin, M.A. Published by Smith, Elder and Co., London.

design; without peace and pleasantness in occupation, no design; and all the lectures, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of Art in the world, are of no use, so long as you do not surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbecoming things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless. The social question involved in these remarks is one of the highest importance, and deserving of the utmost attention; well would it be for our manufacturing population, in all that concerns their welfare, both of body and mind, if the wise suggestions here made could be practically carried out, however Utopian they appear in an age like this.

One more quotation—it is from the same lecture—and we have done:—"We are about to enter upon a period of our world's history in which domestic life, aided by the arts of peace, will slowly, but at last entirely, supersede public life and the arts of war. For our own England, she will not, I believe, be blasted throughout with furnaces, nor will she be encumbered with palaces. I trust she will keep her green fields, her cottages, and her homes of middle life; but these ought to be, and I trust will be, enriched with a useful, truthful, substantial form of Art. We want now no more feasts of the gods, nor martyrdoms of saints; we have no need of sensuality, no place for superstition, or for costly insolence. Let us have learned and faithful historical painting—touching and thoughtful representations of human nature, in dramatic painting; poetical and familiar renderings of natural objects and of landscape; and rational, deeply-felt realizations of the events which are the subjects of our religious faith. And let these things we want, as far as possible, be scattered abroad and made accessible to all men." Undoubtedly this is the kind of Art England in the nineteenth century requires, but, at the same time, the large majority of Englishmen would not have it expressed, or exhibited, in the manner Mr. Ruskin has all his life advocated.

From these extracts our readers may form some opinion of the kind of materials which constitute these lectures: they embrace a large and varied number of topics, some, as we have intimated, of great value; others, which may be taken for what they are worth. If Mr. Ruskin wishes to be considered an authority in Art, whose lessons are for "the healing of the nation,"—of universal and undeniable benefit, he must get rid of many favourite crotchets, must see with other eyes than those he has hitherto employed, or, at least, like the boy in the fable of the chameleon, must learn to persuade himself that others may see and judge as correctly, perhaps, as himself. His writings and lectures will always command readers and hearers: hitherto they have made few proselytes to his creeds, though they have helped to draw some artists out of a path which was leading them astray; and so far he has his reward.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 6.—GERHARD'S MANUFACTURE OF ALUMINIUM AND SODIUM.

EVERYBODY talks of aluminium, but, excepting that a few, not very elegant, ornaments are seen in the windows of the jewellers of Paris and London, the public really know but little about it. Some notice, sufficiently popular to convey to all a clear conception of the nature of this metal—aluminium—is therefore necessary; and, before we give an account of its manufacture, some space must be devoted to the history of its discovery, and to the physical and chemical condition in which it is found in nature.

We know that the city of Babylon and the great cities of the most ancient empires were built, for the most part, of bricks; some of these were of sun-dried clay, but they were mostly well burnt, and in many cases covered with a vitreous glaze. At a depth beneath the present surface of the sandy soil of Egypt—which, marked as it is by the alternations of sand and mud, from the annual overflows of the Nile, indicate a period of but little less than twenty thousand years—vessels of baked clay have been found. Beneath the Peperino rock, in the neighbourhood of Rome, also, have they found pottery. When it is remembered that this rock is the conso-

lidated fine ashes which have been ejected from the ancient volcanoes of the Roman States, and that within historic time—beyond the mere tradition of the gulf into which the armed warrior plunged—we have no intimation of any active volcano, we cannot fail to be impressed with the evidence here afforded of a long lapse of ages; at the commencement of which we find indications of the works of man. Yet, notwithstanding that man has, in every part of the world, been constantly moulding clay, and baking and burning it, it was reserved for the present generation to discover that it contained a metal possessed of very remarkable properties, which may be applied to a great variety of useful and ornamental purposes.

Every one is familiar with clay, and to a very large number, the different varieties, distinguished as London clay, Poole clay, Stourbridge clay, pipeclay, china-clay, with others, are equally well known. Now these clays are mixtures of true clay—*alumina*—with earthy, ferruginous, organic, and other matters; and by the separation of these we obtain the pure white alumina. This alumina performs a very important part in the great economy of nature; not merely is it the principal constituent of all the clays, but it enters largely into the composition of the rocks themselves. Many of the most highly valued gems are alumina—sapphire is pure alumina crystallized; and the red, yellow, green, and violet varieties, ordinarily known as the oriental ruby, topaz, emerald, and amethyst, are alumina in various states of purity. The following list will show the proportions of alumina contained in some of these, and also in corundum and emery:—

Sapphire of India	97.51 per cent.
Ruby of India	97.32 "
Corundum of Asia Minor . .	92.39 "
Emery of Gumbuch	77.82 "
Emery of Nicaria	75.12 "

Alumina, lime, and magnesia are classed with the earths; and immediately connected with the subject before us, are those substances known as alkalis—soda and potash. These well-known salts are found in combination with other bodies in the organic and the inorganic worlds. They are, however, chiefly obtained from the ashes of terrestrial and marine plants. All these bodies, like clay, have been known to man for long periods of time, they have been used extensively in manufactures of all kinds; they were very largely experimented on by the alchemists, yet they were never suspected to have any connection with the metals.

An Englishman of remarkable powers, who advanced himself to the highest honours within reach of the man of science in this country, but who has not yet, owing to the jealousies of his contemporaries, taken his true position in the history of human progress, was the first to prove that all the earths and alkalis were compounds of metals with oxygen. In precisely the same way as the rust of iron is an oxide of that metal, so are the earths respectively oxides of metals, to which the names have been given of *aluminium*, of *calcium*, and of *magnesium*; so are the alkalis in like manner oxides of *potassium* and *sodium*. The discovery of the metallic base of potash, by Humphrey Davy, in 1807, very naturally opened the door to the discovery of all the others.

Not long since, Mr. Peter Le Neve Foster, secretary of the Society of Arts, at great labour, collected everything that bore in the least on the history of the metal aluminium. He communicated the result of his researches to the Society of Arts, and we avail ourselves of the valuable information contained in his excellent paper. Commencing with Davy's discovery, Mr. Foster thus describes it:—

"Sir Humphrey Davy, in a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1807, made known his discovery of the alkaline metals. He employed what was then a novel agent—voltaic electricity, and by its means decomposed both potash and soda, producing their metallic bases, potassium and sodium. For those important discoveries, on which the science of modern chemistry may be said to have taken its rise, the French Academy conferred upon Davy the prize of 50,000 francs, offered by the Emperor Napoleon for researches in electricity. But though Davy did not succeed in separating by electricity aluminium from its compounds, yet electricity was the means of obtaining it by chemical decomposition, it having been the first source from whence sodium

and potassium could be obtained. In this manner, however, they could be produced only in very small quantities, and at an enormous cost. Gay-Lussac and Thénard afterwards made researches in reference to these metals, and succeeded in producing them by direct chemical reaction, but still only in small quantities as laboratory experiments. Subsequently, their researches were carried further by Mitscherlich, Brunner, Donny, and Marek; and, following and improving on their labours, M. Deville,† in France, liberally supplied with funds for the purpose by the present Emperor of the French, to carry out researches for the production of aluminium, succeeded in producing sodium in large quantities, and at a price which, though high, was reduced sufficiently low to enable it to be employed in the production of aluminium, at a cost which admits of its commercial use in the Arts for certain purposes, though too high for general use. To enter at length into the description of the methods adopted by M. Deville would occupy too much time. Those who are desirous of entering more minutely into these methods will find them detailed in the papers by M. Deville, in the 'Annales de Chimie,' indicated in the notes. They may be described shortly as consisting of heating at a high temperature a mixture of carbonate of soda, coal-dust or charcoal, with chalk, in an iron vessel, when certain re-actions take place, and the sodium, which is very volatile, comes out in vapour, which, by means of receivers of a suitable form, is condensed, and then runs out in a continuous stream into vessels placed to catch it. It is through the modifications introduced by M. Deville in the forms of the receivers, and the introduction of chalk into the process—which seems to facilitate the reduction in a remarkable manner—that the production of sodium has been rendered more easy and less costly."

Davy felt that alumina must, like the other bodies which he had reduced to a simple form, be a compound body, but he failed to obtain the metallic base. Berzelius followed Davy in experiments on this pure clay, but with no better success. Oersted, however, whose name is for ever connected with the discovery of electro-magnetism, and consequently with the application of electricity as a telegraphic agent, was the first to pursue the correct road. Oersted converted alumina into a chloride, and then acted upon it by the alkaline metals. Wöhler, following Oersted, was yet more successful, and although he does not appear to have obtained the metal aluminium in a coherent form, he did obtain it in a pulverulent one.‡ M. Deville, of the Normal College, in Paris, about the year 1854, began to direct his attention to the means of obtaining aluminium at a comparatively moderate cost, and success crowned his efforts. As above stated, the chief cause of his success was the production of the metal sodium at a cheap rate. As this metal performs a most important part in the process of manufacturing aluminium, it is necessary that we should say a few words on its peculiar properties.

Sodium and potassium are metals lighter than water, swimming like pieces of cork upon that fluid. They are brilliantly white and silvery when first cut, but they absorb oxygen with such avidity that they instantly tarnish. So rapidly does potassium separate the oxygen from water, that the liberated hydrogen is ignited by the intense heat produced—hence the metal appears to take fire when thrown on water. Sodium does not exert quite so energetic an action, consequently it does not produce the heat with sufficient rapidity to fire the gas formed by its oxidation on water, but if it is thrown on ice, or on a piece of moistened paper, which are not such good conductors of heat as water is, it inflames like potassium. To preserve these metals, it is necessary that they should be kept in some fluid entirely free of oxygen; Naptha, a pure hydro-carbon, is usually employed for this purpose. When the writer of this paper first commenced his chemical studies,—and nearly at the same time he began to lecture on the subject in a remote provincial mechanics' institution,—he gave for the sodium employed in his experiments

* "Recherches sur l'Extraction du Potassium," par MM. Marek et F. Donny. "Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xxxv. p. 147.

† "Recherches sur les Métaux, &c. Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xliii. p. 19; et "Mémoire sur la Fabrication du Sodium et de l'Aluminium," par M. H. Sainte-Claire Deville. "Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xlii. p. 415.

‡ "Annales de Chimie," ser. 1, tom. xxxvii.

sixpence a grain, and now, Mr. Gerhard informs him, it can be obtained at one shilling an ounce; and he is sanguine enough to hope that he may be enabled to produce it eventually so as to sell it at one shilling and sixpence the pound—such is the remarkable reduction which has taken place in the cost of an article for which a demand has been created. It is by the powerful affinity of sodium that the manufacturer now removes from alumina the oxygen or chlorine with which it may be combined. Deville discovered that it was more easy to produce aluminium from the chloride than any other preparation. To produce the chloride of aluminium form a mixture of alumina (prepared by calcining ammoniacal alum) and charcoal made into a paste with oil, this is to be heated to a red heat in upright tubular retorts of fireclay, similar to those used in the manufacture of gas, and whilst in this state a current of chlorine gas is to be forced into the retort. Strong chemical action now takes place, and the chloride of aluminium comes over in the form of vapours, and is received in appropriate vessels, where it is condensed.

From this chloride of aluminium the metal was thus reduced by Deville's process:—A tube of Bohemian glass, thirty-six inches long, and about one inch in diameter, was placed in an empty combustion furnace. Chloride of aluminium was introduced at one extremity of the tube, and at the same time a current of dry hydrogen gas was made to enter the tube, and sustained until the operation was finished. The chloride is now gently warmed by pieces of hot charcoal, in order to drive off any hydrochloric acid it might contain; porcelain boats filled with sodium are inserted into the opposite extremity of the tube, and the heat augmented by fresh pieces of glowing charcoal, until the vapour of sodium decomposes that of the chloride of aluminium. A violent reaction takes place, with intense ignition, during which metallic aluminium is deposited. Since this the following process has been adopted:—

"Another method of obtaining aluminium from the chloride has been adopted with success. It is as follows:—

"4·200 grammes of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium (i. e. 2·800 grammes chloride of aluminium, and 1·400 grammes common salt),

"2·100 grammes of common salt (the gramme is equal to rather more than fifteen English grains),

"2·100 grammes of cryolite, thoroughly dry, and carefully mixed together, are to be laid in alternate layers, with 840 grammes of sodium (cut into small pieces), in a crucible lined with alumina—a layer of sodium should cover the bottom of the crucible. When the crucible is filled, a little powdered salt is to be sprinkled on the contents, and the crucible, fitted with a lid, is to be put into a furnace, heated to redness, and kept at that temperature until a reaction, the occurrence and continuance of which is indicated by a peculiar and characteristic sound, shall have terminated. The contents of the crucible, having been stirred with a porcelain rod, while in their liquefied state (this part of the operation is essential), are poured out on a surface of baked clay, or any other suitable material—the flux, &c., on one side, and the metal on the other." The cryolite here used is simply employed as a flux.

"M. Paul Morin, who, with M. Debray, assisted M. Deville in his original researches, now uses at his factory at Nanterre certain modifications which he has introduced into Deville's process of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium, and gets rid of the necessity for the continued stream of hydrogen gas, as well as the use of the porcelain tube as above described. We believe it is due to M. Morin to state that it was he who first modified Deville's process, so as to admit of the use of the crucible instead of the tube, thus enabling the manufacture to be carried out on a much larger scale."

The next advance was due to Dr. Percy, of the Museum of Practical Geology, who suggested the employment of a peculiar mineral, which is found plentifully in Greenland, called Cryolite. This was in 1855.

Mr. Dick, who was an assistant to Dr. Percy, was the earliest experimentalist with this substance.

Cryolite is a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium.

Mr. Gerhard, an Englishman, has for some time been engaged in experiments on the production of aluminium from the cryolite, and his endeavours have been directed mainly to obtain this metal at a cheaper rate than hitherto.

Mr. Gerhard has erected furnaces at Battersea for the production of both aluminium and sodium. His process may be described as follows:—

"Two hundred and seventy parts by weight of powdered cryolite are mixed with one hundred and fifty parts of common salt, and into this mixture are placed seventy-two parts of sodium, cut into small pieces. The whole is then thrown into a heated earthenware crucible, previously lined with a melted mixture of cryolite and salt, which mixture is also immediately poured over the contents of the crucible, covering them to some little depth, over which the lid is then placed. The crucible then put in a furnace, and kept at a high red heat for about two hours. When the pot is uncovered the melted mixture is well stirred, and then poured out. The buttons of aluminium are found mingled with the slag, and may be easily melted together by heating them in a crucible with common salt. Theoretically, the amount of aluminium produced should be one-third of the weight of the sodium employed, but practically such a result is never obtained, and our manufacturers would be well satisfied with obtaining between one-third and one-fourth. This Mr. Gerhard has accomplished, though he is not always so successful. There is still some uncertainty in the process. From what we have seen, we are led to believe that the cryolite process is the one that will ultimately be preferred to that of the chloride of aluminium. As yet, however, the process presents certain difficulties which Mr. Gerhard appears to have to a great extent overcome."

Before Deville commenced his labours, this metal—aluminium—sold at enormous prices. In 1856 it was worth £3 per ounce. Aluminium is now imported from France, and manufactured in this country, selling at 5s. the ounce. The most striking property of this metal is its extreme lightness. Its specific gravity is 2·6, about the same as glass; whilst that of gold is 19·5, that of silver 10·5, and that of copper 8·96. An ounce of pure silver is now worth 5s. 6d. the ounce; an ounce of pure aluminium, which is of three times the bulk of silver, is sold at 5s. the ounce, therefore, bulk for bulk, aluminium is but one-third the price of silver. Mr. Peter le Neve Foster, whose inquiries have been very extensive as to the applications of this metal, writes:—

"Already its lightness and colour has brought it into use for jewellery and ornaments of various kinds, bracelets, combs, pins, seals, penholders, tops of inkstands, port-monnaies, shirt-studs, harness, statuettes, candelabra, candlesticks, &c. Its ductility and fusibility render it readily stamped and cast. It works easily under the graver, and being unaffected by the atmosphere, it has an advantage over silver. Its lightness renders it peculiarly fitted for spectacle-frames, eye-glasses, telescopes, and opera-glasses, to which uses it has already been largely applied. It does not stain the skin as silver does. The alloys, too, or aluminium bronzes, as they may be termed, are peculiarly fitted, from the readiness with which they are worked, and their not changing under the action of the atmosphere, for the wheelworks of clocks and chronometers, as well as for the cases, too, for which the metal itself, also from its lightness, is peculiarly fitted."

"Spoons, forks, drinking vessels, and covers for glass vessels, may be made of it, which, even at the present price of the metal, will be much cheaper than silver, while they even possess in a higher degree those qualities for which silver has hitherto been prized. Figuier suggests its use for theodolites, sextants, and surveying instruments which have to be carried by hand, and where, therefore, lightness is important. The adjusting screws of such instruments, which, when made of silver or brass, tarnish from the contact of the hand, might with advantage be made of aluminium. Professor Bleekrode informs me that the working of this metal has, at his suggestion, been taken up by Mr. Meyer, a jeweller, at the Hague, who, amongst other things, has had a small bell cast, the handle of which, as a casting, is equal to anything hitherto

done in silver. Mr. Meyer's experience shows that the metal works well under the hammer, is well suited for chasing and engraving, as well as for casting. He alludes to the want of a proper solder for uniting several pieces, and has been obliged to adopt riveting, as in Paris. It has already been used by the dentist as a substitute for gold, in stopping as well as for fixing artificial teeth, both on account of its cheapness and lightness, but the accounts differ as to its fitness.

Mr. Harrington, a dentist in the Isle of Wight, in a paper which he read before the College of Dentists in October last, states that he has used aluminium successfully for dental purposes, and entertains a high opinion of it as a basis for artificial teeth. His experience shows that after wearing it for four months it underwent no apparent change, and was perfectly free from all taste or unpleasantness of any kind. He cautions those who may employ it to be careful in using other metals with it, as even when "wrought" aluminium is used as wire for rivets, or any other purpose, a galvanic action is set up, and the wrought metal is rapidly decomposed, leaving the cast metal unaffected. The metal is highly sonorous, and for musical instruments it has been suggested as especially suited.

Mr. Gerhard has completely overcome the difficulty of soldering aluminium; we have seen as perfect a junction made between two pieces of this metal as it is possible to make between two pieces of copper. This is a great step in aid of the useful applications of this metal.

Many objections have been urged against the colour of the metal, most of that which has been in the market being somewhat like pewter in appearance. By Mr. Gerhard's process the colour is greatly improved, and he possesses the means of rendering it beautifully white. One application which we have seen of this metal—to a watch-dial—had a fine watered surface, which—especially since it is not liable to tarnish under ordinary conditions—is as useful as it is elegant. By far the most important use of aluminium will, we believe, be found in the alloys it forms with other metals. Many of these are very beautiful in colour, some resembling gold; and in all cases it is found to impart a great degree of hardness—even when used in very small quantities—to the metal with which it is combined. Silver, when combined with 1 per cent. of aluminium, is no longer liable to tarnish. Again, if 8 per cent. of silver be united with 97 per cent. of aluminium, it acquires the brilliancy and colour of pure silver, and it will not blacken by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen. Tassier and Debray inform us that copper, alloyed with one-fourteenth of its weight of aluminium, has the colour and brilliancy of gold, and is still very malleable; when the aluminium amounts to 20 per cent. the alloy is quite white. An alloy of 100 parts of silver with 5 of aluminium is as hard as the alloy employed for our silver coinage; and an alloy of 90 parts of copper and 10 of aluminium is harder than common bronze, and is capable of being worked at high temperatures easier than the best varieties of iron. Dr. Percy, in his laboratory at the Government School of Mines, has made a great number of these alloys, many of them possessing new and very important properties. Messrs. Calvert and Johnson describe an alloy of 25 parts of aluminium and 75 parts of iron, which has the valuable property of not rusting in moist air, or in water. What may we not expect from a metal possessing so many new and useful properties? As a scientific discovery, the fact that clay contains this remarkable metal is amongst the most striking with which chemistry has brought man acquainted. It is amongst the most abundant, if not really the most abundant, of the metals. For tin, and copper, and iron, for gold and for silver, man has to penetrate to the depths of the earth, and the mineral wealth is only obtained at a great sacrifice of human life; but aluminium, in its native combinations, is found in every district, spread over the surface, or near the surface, and the labour of obtaining it is transferred from the miner to the metallurgist. We do not doubt but in a few years we shall find this metal, and some others now as rare as it, rendered available for numerous ornamental and useful purposes.

ROBERT HUNT.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER, WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLV.—RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A.



NE of the highest aims of artists ought to be to make Art a teacher of moral, of social, or of religious truths; it should offer "line upon line, and precept upon precept" to guide mankind into the right way of living, of acting, and of thinking; and this every artist may in a greater or less degree accomplish, if he will only bring his mind into the state or condition necessary to the task. His efforts may be humble, and, perhaps, will result in no personal advantage to himself—nay, it is just possible his endeavours will only call down the contempt of those who cannot, or will not,

value motives well-intentioned, but, it may be, unsuccessfully carried out; still, he is fulfilling, according to his ability, the highest mission of his art, and dedicating himself to its noblest purposes: every man so working is entitled to our respect.

In this class of Art-teachers, few living painters have laboured more diligently, and with happier results, than Mr. Redgrave. He was fortunate enough, at an early period of his career, to strike into a path somewhat novel, and most instructive; the public had the discernment to see, and the wisdom to appreciate, his lessons of philanthropic appeal on behalf of the oppressed and miserable, whose cause he has pleaded in the language of the pencil as eloquent and glowing as ever came forth from the pen of the author, or the lips of the orator. As a landscape painter, moreover, he deservedly holds a very high rank.

A brief outline of Mr. Redgrave's life, written by himself at the request of the editor, appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1850; it accompanied a

portrait of the artist. He was born in Pimlico, April 30, 1804. His father was a manufacturer, in whose counting-house he passed his earlier years, chiefly in making designs and working drawings: from this circumstance is doubtless to be attributed the peculiar aptitude for the position which he has of late years held in the Department of Science and Art. While engaged with his father, business occasionally led him into the country, where, after his work was done, he would linger to make sketches, as well as his then limited knowledge of drawing would permit, and to gather wild plants and flowers,—thus, to use his own words, "laying the foundation for a love of the wild growth of plants and for landscape painting, which are among my greatest sources of present pleasure." When he had passed his nineteenth year, the circumstances of his family rendered it necessary for him to seek out some business or profession distinct from that he had hitherto followed, and for which he showed but little inclination, though to this time he had diligently attended to it from a sense of duty. Art, however, was the leading idea in his mind, and having, yet with some reluctance on the part of his father, obtained his consent, he set to work in the British Museum, studying and making drawings from the ancient sculptures therein. In 1826 Mr. Redgrave was admitted a student in the Royal Academy; but he was not long able to pursue his studies uninterruptedly: his father's family was large, and their claims pressed heavily upon the parent; the son resolved not to add to the burden, and left home to encounter the battle of life by starting as a drawing-master. The struggle for a long time was very severe—teaching and preparing for pupils all day, yet regularly in his place in the Academy schools in the evening; there was little leisure left for painting pictures, always the young artist's highest ambition. Twice during the term of his studentship he contended for the gold medal, and failed on both occasions—on the last trial Maclise carried away the prize. These disappointments did not, however, subdue his energies or slacken his diligence.

On looking over a file of Academy catalogues, we find that Mr. Redgrave exhibited his first picture there, "The River Brent, near Hanwell," in 1825; this seems to have been prior to his admission as a student. An interval of six years occurs, when, in 1831, he contributed a kind of historical work—"The Commencement of the Massacre of the Innocents—Alarm of a Hebrew Family;" in 1833 he exhibited a subject from "Cymbeline," and two landscapes: from that year to the present, his name has never been absent from the annual



Engraved by]

LOVE AND LABOUR.

[Butterworth and Heath.

exhibitions of the Academy. It is rarely that a young artist, unless he shows remarkable talent, is so fortunate as to catch the eye of the public, or, at least, of such as are picture-buyers, and Mr. Redgrave's early experience formed no exception to the rule; however, about the year 1837, he exhibited a small painting at the British Institution—"Gulliver on the Farmer's Table;" it fortunately for him, found a purchaser, and was engraved; while, in the following year, a subject from Crabbe's poem of "Ellen Orford," which had been rejected by the council of the British Institution, was hung at the Academy "on the line," and sold on the opening day to Mr. Cartwright, long known as a man of sound judgment in modern Art, and a liberal collector. These sales did good service to the artist, not so much pecuniarily as by encouraging him to higher efforts. In the following year he exhibited a work of still higher pretension

and character—"Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp;" and another—"Olivia's Return to her Parents;" a subject which, in all probability, gave birth in his mind to the class of works that may be denominated "social teachings," the first of which, "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," appeared in 1840: it is a most touching and effective composition, the subject is finely conceived, and very carefully executed. He exhibited at the same time "The Wonderful Cure of Paracelsus."

Within a space of scarcely three years Mr. Redgrave, from being an almost unknown artist, had gained notoriety and Academical honours—he was elected Associate of the Academy in the autumn of 1840. His pictures now began to be sought after by visitors to the exhibition as among those which they went there especially to see. In 1841 he contributed three—"The Castle-Builder,"

the old story of the country-girl carrying a basket of eggs to market, "Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship," and "The Vicar of Wakefield finding his Lost Daughter at the Inn;" the last, especially, a work of great power and feeling. In the following year he contributed four pictures, one of which, "OPHELIA," is among our illustrations; the figure is an admirable embodiment of the poet's character, and the landscape is painted with a finish and attention to detail which, in our day, would be called Pre-Raffaellism: the other pictures of the year were a "Landscape," "Cinderella trying on the Glass Slipper," and "Bad News from Sea." His contributions in 1843 were respectively entitled, "The Fortune-Hunter," "Going to Service," and "The Poor Teacher;" the last a picture of such deep pathos and profound sensibility as to excite the strongest feelings of compassion towards the numerous class of individuals to which the subject refers: there are few pictures that have called forth so many involuntary

sighs as this, and another that immediately followed it, "The Sempstress," suggested by Hood's immortal poem, "The Song of the Shirt;" it appeared in 1844, with "The Wedding Morning—the Departure." In 1845 he exhibited "The Governess," almost a repetition of "The Poor Teacher," and "Miranda;" and in the following year, "The Suppliant," "The Brook," "Preparing to throw off her Weeds," and "Sunday Morning—the Walk from Church;" the two last-mentioned subjects scarcely equal in point of interest some previous works of a kindred character: the "Suppliant" is a simple, natural representation of a child at a cottage door, and is most carefully painted.

From this time landscape seems to have equally divided with *genre* subjects Mr. Redgrave's attention; of late years the former has had the ascendancy: but before we make any specific allusion to his landscape pictures, we shall



Engraved by]

OPHELIA.

[Butterworth and Heath

continue our notice of the others. In "Fashion's Slaves," exhibited in 1847, is another philanthropic appeal on behalf of the poor workwoman, whom a young, fashionable girl is chiding for not having brought home her dress at an earlier hour: the story is emphatically told, and the subject is put on the canvas with much elegance of composition and beauty of colour. A sweet little example of this artist's pencil is another picture of the same year—a child conducted by an angel, which bore the title of "The Guardian Angel;" "The Deserter's Home," of the same date, is a subject that scarcely repays the labour and care that had evidently been bestowed upon it. "The Country Cousins," exhibited in 1848, is the picture now in the Vernon Collection, and which, from that circumstance, as well as from the engraving we published a few years ago, is too well known to require description. There is an excellent

moral lesson held forth in a small allegorical picture exhibited in 1849 under the title of "The Awakened Conscience;" the scene is an open landscape, in which is seen a man with a cup by his side, probably containing poison, admonished by an angel: whether the man meditates suicide, or is a drunkard, is not readily determined, but he looks at the cup with feelings of horror: the idea is original, and it is impressively carried out. "The Marquis and Griselda," (1850), is a subject borrowed from Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," the passage selected being that where the marquis, having selected Griselda for his wife, causes the ladies of the court to dress her in the cottage of her father. The canvas contains numerous figures, who are arranged rather too much *en masse*, and, as a consequence, they have a crowded appearance; but there are several admirable studies of character among them; the whole is very brilliantly

painted, and constitutes a most attractive work. "The Child's Prayer," of the same date, is one of those pleasing, half-sacred subjects, to which reference has already been made.

Four vacancies having occurred in the ranks of the Academicians in 1850, Mr. Redgrave was, at the next annual meeting, early in 1851, elected to fill the place of one of the deceased members. Possibly by way of supporting before the eyes of the public the judgment of the Academy, his first exhibited picture after his election was of a more elevated character than any he had yet produced:—"The Flight into Egypt: Mary meditating on the Prophecy of Simeon," is a large picture, the subject treated with a solemnity of feeling and poetical expression perfectly appropriate. There is no attempt at imitating the sacred art of the old painters, although the artist has adopted an arrangement which we sometimes find in their works, the Virgin mother being seated on a rock, holding the infant Saviour in her arms: still there is nothing in this disposition of the figures to remind the spectator of the schools of Italy. The composition is in every way original, and the predominating sentiment of the work accords well with the sacred nature of the theme. Assimilating in character to this is another picture, exhibited in 1854, under the title of "Foresadows of the Future," in which Mary is represented holding the infant Jesus in her lap; the child has a lily in his hand, and above the heads

of these two figures is a choir of angels: it is an excellent work of its class, and would take a high rank in any modern school of religious painters. A small picture, called "Handy Janie," exhibited in 1856, comes into the category of figure-subjects; the canvas shows only a single figure, a young girl, with water-pails, standing by the side of a well; a subject in itself of ordinary interest, but rendered valuable by the delicate and beautiful manner in which it is treated. "The Well-known Footstep," and "The Moorland Child," exhibited in 1857, complete the catalogue of Mr. Redgrave's pictures, contributed to the Academy, which must be distinguished from his landscapes. In very many of these works—those especially indicated in the foregoing observations—he has, to adopt his own language, "aimed at calling attention to the trials and struggles of the poor and the oppressed; labouring to 'help them to right who suffer wrong' at the hands of their fellow-men." He has done this bravely, and from a sympathising, generous heart, that can feel for the woes of others; and he has employed the gifts with which God has endowed him in efforts to excite the same commiseration in the hearts of those who are, often unthinkingly and unwillingly, the oppressors. Such a man is, in his way, a Howard, and deserves all the praise which is due to philanthropy. Art so directed fulfils one of its highest and noblest missions.

The landscapes of Mr. Redgrave are so far peculiar that we rarely see



Engraved by]

AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

[Butterworth and Heath.

among them what are usually called "open" scenes, extensive tracts of country diversified in character; they are generally close sylvan subjects, reedy pools overhung with graceful alders and drooping elms; paths shaded by sweet-scented limes; the skirts of woods where the cunning fox "runs to earth," and the weary hare finds rest from her pursuers; soft, green glades, where lovers may hide from "day's garish eye," and the poet of nature may draw fresh draughts of inspiration from her solitudes of beauty. Under one or other of these characteristics may be classed his "Ferry," "Happy Sheep," "Spring," "The Skirts of a Wood," "Sun and Shadow," "The Stream at Rest," "The Solitary Pool," "The Woods planted by Evelyn," "A Poet's Study," "The Woodland Mirror," "The Lost Path," "An Hour with the Poets," "AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD," which we have engraved, "The Mid-Wood Shade," "The Sylvan Spring," "The Source of the Stream," "The Cradle of the River," &c. &c., all of which have appeared within the last ten years. "LOVE AND LABOUR," a picture we have also engraved here, seems to combine, in almost equal points of interest, both figure-subject and landscape.

To be fully sensible of the excellence which characterizes the landscapes of this painter, they must be closely studied; in no other way will the spectator

appreciate the delicacy and truth with which he represents nature; and these qualities are especially transcendent in his foregrounds, where a careful examination will discover the herbage, the weeds, and wild flowers most marvellously painted. Mr. Redgrave does not belong to the Pre-Raphaelite school, and yet his pictures exhibit as much attention to detail, and are as rich in colour, as any which come from the hands of these "new lights of our Art-world;" he repudiates their defects, but does not reject whatever is worth retaining in their style. He loves the summer-time, when the trees are thickest in foliage, and greenest in tint, and, like Constable, sees no beauty in a brown tree; his feeling of nature is of the most refined order, his delineations of her simple and faithful, and his choice of subject such as would win every lover of picturesque beauty, even if it were represented in a less inviting and attractive manner.

The school of Practical Art, formerly at Marlborough House, but now removed to Kensington, owes no small measure of its success to Mr. Redgrave; for many years he was its head master; he at present holds the office of Inspector-General of Art-Schools; his published works and his lectures, both connected with the subject of decorative art, have proved of great value to students of all classes, in the various schools throughout the kingdom.

J. DAFFORNE.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 15.—SAMUEL COOPER.

METROPOLITAN changes, since the commencement of the present century, are among the most marvellous in their extent and variety of any that have occurred since the days of Elizabeth. Take any map of London published about 1810, and there we find "fresh fields and pastures" where now are densely-populated streets. Quiet localities that, by some strange chance, were allowed to sleep on unmolested by the march of bricks and mortar, have suddenly become the centres of streets, and bid an eternal adieu to rurality. Such a district is St. Pancras.

The readers of Ben Jonson will not fail to remember his quaint "Tale of a Tub," that curious picture of "country life" in the immediate vicinity of the London of his day, in which "Sir Hugh," the vicar of Pancras, helps to plot for his own benefit with Justice Bramble, of "Maribone," and the High Constable of Kentish-town; and the denizens of Kilburn and Islington talk a sort of Somersetshire dialect, which seems to breathe of a pure pastoral style; aided by such scenic directions as "the country near Maribone," or "the country near Kentish-town." Where is the country now? At that time St. Pancras was a little village church, a long way off in the fields, with lonely, but pleasant lanes, leading to the high land of Hampstead and Highgate—far-away localities, to be seen from St. Paul's steeple, but rarely visited by Londoners, who must have thought of a journey there as we now think of one to Yorkshire. Pancras retained its lonely character longer than any other London vicinity. Norden, in the time of Ben Jonson, speaks of it as "forsaken of all; and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon divine occasions; yet it is visited by thieves, who assemble not there to pray, but to wait for prey; and many fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked: walk not there too late." Venturous citizens who neglected this warning ran great dangers in getting from thence toward Gray's Inn Lane; in Walker's "Lives of the Highwaymen," published in the time of Queen Anne, is a characteristic picture of a highway robbery committed at some distance on the London side of "St. Pancras in the Fields."

Even so recently as thirty years ago, this little church, which Norden described in 1593 as "standing all alone, utterly forsaken, old and weather-beaten," retained its lonely look. Paved streets, rows of houses, and neat squares, now cover the fields then used for grazing the cows of "Rhodes's Dairy;" and just opposite the cemetery gates were the remains of intrenchments, which the learned Dr. Stukely dreamed over as the veritable camp of Caesar himself, and which was principally composed of a square mound surrounded by a ditch filled by the waters of the Fleet River, then an open stream, meandering from the high land north of London toward the "sweet south" of Bagnigge Wells and Fleet Street. There is a view of St. Pancras Church, from a drawing by J. P. Neale, dated as recently as July, 1815, representing a group of young men bathing here. The Fleet River is now one vast common sewer.

Our view of the church is copied from a print by Chastelain, drawn about 1740. At that time there were wells near the church celebrated for their sanitary virtue; and people walked out there to test their curative virtue, as they did to Sadler's Wells, the Cold Bath, or Islington—a weaker kind of Tunbridge water, that served as an imaginary remedy for minor illnesses. There is still a "St. Chad's Well" in Gray's Inn Lane; there were many more on this side of London.

St. Pancras in the Fields, originally a humble village face, has been from time to time enlarged; but its most recent enlargement, in 1848, has still left it a small building, converting it into a kind of toy gothic edifice, and destroying its modest old features. The fourteenth century is conjectured to have been the era of the erection of the old church, which simply consisted of a nave and chancel. It contained many monuments: none more interesting than that of Samuel Cooper, who has been appropriately designated the Vandyck of miniature-painters. It is a modest monument, surmounted by the painter's palette; beneath is a coat-of-arms—

not those of the painter, but of Sir E. Turner, the Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II., who placed the monument here, and took this extraordinary mode of recording the good action.

Cooper died on the 5th of May, 1672, at the ripe age of sixty-three. Walpole says, "the anecdotes of Cooper's life are few; nor does it signify—his works are his history." The brevity and the justice of these few words will bear an amplification of reflection. His works are his best history, and have a charm in their truth and beauty still. To his pencil we owe the best and truest portrait of a great Englishman—Oliver Cromwell; in it we seem to see the mind of the man.* This is the true greatness of Cooper's works. Walpole has compared them with those of the earlier miniature painter, Oliver, whose works were diminutively conceived, as well as minutely painted; but, he adds, "If a glass could expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vandyck's, they would appear to have been painted for that proportion. If his portrait of Cromwell could be so enlarged, I don't know but Vandyck would appear less great by comparison." Cooper was busily employed during his life, and at high prices. Pepys says, in his amusing diary, that he gave him £30 for his wife's miniature. He tells us "he is a most admirable workman, and good company." It is elsewhere recorded that he had great skill in music, and played well on the lute. He was a favourite at home and abroad; he lived many years in Holland, and at the French court—from the latter his widow received a pension. His portrait, and these few records of his manners, seem to combine in presenting us with the agreeable picture of a quiet, prosperous, industrious, and

genial man, one of unostentatious talent and cheerful manners, happy in a calm course of life—a life few but artists are privileged to lead: they should be happy and grateful men, for many of the noble and rich envy them.

Before we leave this ancient spot, let us note the many celebrated names that appear on tombs in this crowded churchyard, where for several centuries the dead have congregated. Of artists, Ravenet and Woollett; of authors, he who is supposed to have written "The whole Duty of Man;" Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare, and the hero of Pope's original "Dunciad;" Collier, who wrote against the Stage; Walker, who gave us our best pronouncing dictionary; William Godwin, and his equally famed wife; all rest here. One of the most extraordinary persons here interred was the Chevalier D'Eon, who for many years lived as a woman in England, after much diplomatic continental employ. Another politician, Pascal de Paoli, the friend of Johnson's Boswell, is also buried here; he was chief of the Corsicans in their struggles with the French. The churchyard has always been a favourite resting-place with our Roman Catholic brethren. The reasons given are that it was the last church in England where mass was performed after

the Reformation, and that masses were said for the souls of such as were buried here in a church dedicated to the same saint in the south of France. The Earl of Moira erected a monument here to a "model priest" of that faith, the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, a man of most liberal mind, whose catholicity was universal. The cross, and "requiescat in pace," or the initials of these words, occur on many monuments here: would that the peace of the old churchyard could be paralleled among



COOPER'S MONUMENT.



ST. PANCRAS CHURCH.

the living sects, that they might "rest in their faith among their fellow men," as they do "after life's fitful fever" here! A quiet walk back to

* In Mr. Stanley's edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," he mentions a portrait, by Cooper, of Milton, as "recently discovered, and in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. His grace owes it to the country to have it engraved, as that formerly in Sir Joshua Reynolds's possession, and engraved by Caroline Watson, with his sanction, is not the portrait of the divine poet, but of one of his great contemporaries."

London in the old days must have produced wholesome thoughts after a pilgrimage to Pancras; now the turmoil of noisy London is thick around it, and our reflections must be made at home; but the thoughts are good everywhere that result from visits like these. It is well to turn aside—and not unfrequently, too—from the active and busy scenes of life, to hold converse with ourselves, as well as with those who have gone from us.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

ARY SCHEFFER.

The exhibition of the collected works of Ary Scheffer, which was opened at Paris early in May, has perhaps occasioned some disappointment to those of his admirers who believed that his entire career had been glorified by works equal to the essays of his latter time—those on which his reputation rests. He deprecated during life a posthumous collection and exhibition of his productions, having seen among the pictures of Delaroche some which neither enhanced, nor even sustained, the fame of the painter. But an exhibition of this kind is not entirely understood by an enthusiastic public, as being the revelation of a student to a student,—the analysis of a being, of which the life-springs are not patent to the many. The collection, as to dates of production, comprehends a period of thirty-eight years, with a selection of subject-matter more widely extensive in religious and poetic, than in historical narrative, and in the early years of the painter limited to incidents of every-day life. The labours of every earnest artist evince vicissitudes which look sometimes much like caprice; but the differences shown in Scheffer's pictures are all experiments—many, it is true, failures. But from all something has been learned; or, at least, difficulties have thence become intelligible—a first step in painting towards their subjugation. Having no resource but his art, Scheffer was an early competitor for fame. He produced in 1810 'The Oath of Hannibal,' and 'The Death of Pliny the Elder,' of course in the feeling of the time—that of the school of David; and these were the only two subjects of this class that he executed, for he diverged at once into that which the French call *genre*, a signal dereliction of "high Art," when it is remembered that his master was Guérin, the painter of 'Æneas and Dido,' a picture by which so many have been fascinated. But Scheffer was painting for bread, and could not afford to illustrate the Greek and Roman virtues, a kind of Art which, although not domestically popular, was yet considered an auxiliary of the governments of those times. One half-hour's visit to the galleries of Paris suffices to demonstrate the part that painting and sculpture have played in the politics of France during the last sixty years. The faith of the Catholic Church, analysed it as you will, resolves itself always into the worship of that beautiful which has its only representation in Art-forms; and with a full recognition of the influences of painting, each successive government has invoked the aid of painting to popularise its creed. But to be effective, such essays consisted necessarily of scenic declamation, to the utter exclusion of simple and forcible recital; and hence very much of the vicious extravagance of the French school. In the two pictures mentioned, Scheffer believed he had deferred sufficiently to the "grand style," and in remembrance of Greuze, and those who followed him, he entered upon a series of ordinary *genre* subjects, the material of which was drawn from current literature or imagination. The works exhibited, number one hundred and one, of which three are sculpture, being a bust of his mother, a monumental effigy of his mother, and a bust of the Countess Krasinska. The earliest date in the catalogue is 1819,—it is affixed to a portrait—that of M. Victor Tracy; and as there are numerous portraits in the collection, it may be well to turn at once to this department, as these works claim less attention than the poetical and sacred compositions. The number of portraits, then, is about thirty-nine, of which those of Lafayette, the Duke of Elchingen, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, with that of himself, are among the best. Of this class of Scheffer's works there is one composition to which strongly marked exception may be taken. It is entitled, 'Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants,' and contains an agroupment of the Saviour and the three children of the Duchess Fitz-James. In reference to this it is not now necessary to consider what the old masters have done in this way, nor in what spirit they have done it; to say the least, the taste of the association is very questionable. Many of Scheffer's best productions are not here; but the hundred and one open to us the whole heart of the man, and the entire craft of the painter. Scheffer, to the last day of his life, was an eager and devoted student—his maturity was that of a "latter summer."

Excellence was long withheld from him, but no man merited his ultimate triumphs more worthily than he, because none more laboriously earned distinction. As a portrait-painter he never would have signalled himself, for from the first to the last his heads want roundness, force, and argument. The heads of his male sitters have not been lighted in a manner to bring them out advantageously, and in the female heads we are reminded rather of the paint than the life. Of his early pictures there are, 'La Veuve du Soldat,' 'La Famille du Marin,' 'Le Baptême,' 'La Mère Convalescente,' 'La Tempête,' and 'La Sœur de Charité,' compositions founded upon a class of incidents which, in France as well as England, has for cabinet pictures superseded historical narrative. In none of these works is there promise of great future eminence. In all of them much of the accessory is painted without reference to the proposed forms or surfaces, with a result either unduly hard or loosely sketchy. The manner of these small pictures resembles that of the English school of the corresponding period, more than any deduction from feeling antecedently or contemporaneously popular in the French school. Scheffer always lamented that he had not the gift of colour—a deficiency singularly conspicuous throughout the series; and having been driven to portrait-painting by early necessity, there is in his drawing an absence of that facility and precision which are attained by a regular course of academic study. The crude and unsympathising colour is strikingly shown in the picture, 'Marthe et Marguerite.' Here the importunate red petticoat of Margaret harshly dissociates itself from the entire composition, a hard, dry, uncompromising surface; and so it is with other red dresses or petticoats that appear in the series. He seems to have been extremely partial to bright vermillion, but his employment of the colour was always very infelicitous. Scheffer's infirmities of drawing are specially evidenced in his two unfinished works—'L'Ange annonçant la Résurrection,' and 'L'Apparition de Jésus-Christ à la Madeleine après la Résurrection.'

Scheffer had been struggling onward for nearly twenty years before he entirely relinquished that ideal *genre*, in which he essayed domestic sentiment. He rose to poetry, and in poetry and sacred history developed a depth and force of expression in which, though we look back through centuries, even to the revival, we shall find that his equals are not numerous. Before he was so thoroughly penetrated by exalted sentiment, and master of the motives of expression so perfectly as to subdue the heart by the pathos of his eloquence, like all earnest painters who are yet immature in the most penetrating accomplishment of the art, he sought to impress the mind by action more or less violent. 'La Bataille de Morat,' 'Léonore,' 'Les Femmes Suliotes,' 'Episode de la Retraite d'Alsace,' and 'Le Giaour,' are works in this spirit, though in the last he hits, peradventure, on the golden mine, of the existence of which within him, he never knew. Here is a consummation of intense expression and violent action, the last in which strong movement is expressed, as from this time (1832) he devoted himself entirely to the language of expression. All the works which he executed under this influence are of ordinary merit. Even the two pictures which belong to the Luxembourg collection, 'Les Femmes Suliotes,' and 'Le Larmoyeur,' from a ballad by Schiller, are not distinguished by much of interesting quality. His first subject from "Faust" is 'Marthe et Marguerite'—that which has been already mentioned to instance the red petticoat. This was painted in 1830, and is one of those small pictures, in the execution of which Scheffer never succeeded. Another small picture, painted in the same year,—'Léonore,' from that passage of the ballad which describes her as borne off by her spectre lover,—shows that after twenty years of study and practice Scheffer was still casting about for a manner. It is the most sketchy of all the exhibited works; and the figure of Léonore, as she rides behind the ghost, is timid and unsatisfactory in drawing. Neither by his portraiture nor his small pictures would he ever have acquired his present reputation; but at once, on entertaining poetic and religious subjects of the size of life, he shows himself possessed of a capacity which he had never before manifested. 'Faust dans son Cabinet' is one of the first of his larger works, and its weakness in comparison with those that

follow is obvious; besides, Faust is a misconception. He is represented here as even a younger man than in subsequent scenes after his rejuvenescence: there is, moreover, an absence of the firmness of feature that appears in any of the other impersonations of the character. He is here soliloquizing in the opening scene—

"Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medizin
Und leider auch Theologie!
Durchaus studirt;

and he confesses himself aged, but the features here are those of a young man of thirty. A comparison of this head with that in 'Faust à la Coupe,' or 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise,' shows two things, of which the first is the artist's amelioration of his conceptions by sustained study; the second is, an immediate development of power, showing that this was the class of art which he was best constituted to cultivate. Thus we find him, after 1830, and for eight or nine succeeding years, entirely given over to the passionate and mystic poetry of Byron and Goethe. The change is sudden and absolute. Such transitions are common phenomena in artist-life, but at a period of life so advanced, a change is rarely other than a marked decadence; for it occurs, too frequently, that, after a career of early and too facile success, artists cease to be students. But Scheffer, to the last, was a laborious student, and, perhaps, not the least precious of his rules of practice, was his concentration of his subject. The whole of his works show us that they were prefigured in his mind before committed to the canvas—a conceptive faculty which always yields pictures of great force and reality. Allusion has already been made to 'Marthe et Marguerite,' the scene in which Martha invites the latter to come often to her. This is the first of the Faust series which Scheffer painted; it is a small picture, with many of the foibles of his minor works. The next year, 1831, produced 'Faust dans son Cabinet,' the first of the large pictures, and which has also been spoken of. The same year brought forth 'Marguerite au Rouet':—

"Meine Ruh' ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmer mehr."

But that work, like 'Faust dans son Cabinet,' is not comparable to subsequent impersonations of the character; the face is insignificant—a disqualification that is confirmed by the eyes being so close together. This picture was, we believe, the property of a member of the Orleans family, and, falling into evil hands, the head of the figure was cut out; but it was subsequently repaired by M. Scheffer, the marks of the restoration being plainly discernible. In 1832, 'Marguerite à l'Eglise' was painted, in the spirit of the passage—

"Wo steht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen
Welche misstest du?" &c.;

wherein Margaret is represented at mass in an agony of remorse at the thoughts suggested to her by the evil spirit. She is here in mourning for her brother, who was slain by Faust, and she has the appearance of a person above the station in life to which Margaret belongs. Some years elapse before Scheffer returns to Goethe's tragedy; but he is continually occupied with portraits, of which altogether he painted about three hundred. In 1832, 'The Giaour' was produced—the last and most violent of those works wherein action is relied on for effect, though at the same time the force of the passion is irresistible. This is a work of surpassing energy; it is the first in which Scheffer succeeds in fully realizing his ideal; the passage is:—

"For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside," &c.

There is but one figure, that of the Giaour, who refuses to join in the religious exercises of the convent, and in expressing his resolution he is borne away in an orgasm of fury. There is little in this picture that might not be painted with white and black, with a qualification of warmth; and those compositions in which colour is spared are uniformly the signal productions of the artist. 'Melora,' now so well known through the engraving, was painted in 1833; the features seem to have been drawn from the same model as those

of Margaret at the wheel—they are of the same mould, and there is the like absence of argument. We pass to the year 1838, in which was painted 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise.' The scene is properly a street, wherein Faust first addresses Margaret. When she is gone, Mephistopheles tells Faust that she is just come from confession, that she is guiltless, and he has no power over her. Scheffer, however, by a pictorial licence, presents Margaret as just coming out of church, with the rest of the congregation, and there Faust is supposed first to see her, and, to the letter, he looks the spirit of the lines—

"Heim Himmel, dieses Kind ist schön
So etwas hab ich nie gesehen.
Sie ist so still—und tugend reich,
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

And, in order to render the sentiment in its plenitude, Faust and Mephistopheles are placed so near to Margaret as almost to touch her. Margaret is dressed in white, in coincidence with Faust's description of her innocence, and she is supported by the rest of the composition as a breadth of low and middle tone; thus, virtually there are two parts in the composition, one—the dominant—Margaret, the other contributing to support the composition. The professed simplicity of the effect is conspicuously artificial. The style of the figure is according to her condition in life, and although Mephistopheles observes that Faust will now see a Helen in every woman with any pretension to beauty, the painter might have given such a degree of refinement as would have literally justified the admiration of Faust, for in the broad round forms of the face and head there is somewhat of an every-day common-place that would scarcely have enthralled one to whom the world was not new. In his effort to qualify the head with a bright and beaming innocence, he has painted the face without a shade, but the refinement which would have better suited it is made more conspicuously deficient by a female face of superior nobility of beauty in the throng behind—that of a person belonging, like Margaret, to a humble station of life. This is the first picture in which is observable any expression of that influence to which Scheffer may have yielded in his admiration of Ingres; it is especially seen in the subdued markings of Margaret's draperies, and in the uncompromising sharpness of much of the outline of the same figure. The head of Faust is admirable; the happy result of that study of the character which was well matured by frequent recurrence to the play. In 1838 the two Mignons appeared, 'Mignon Aspirant au Ciel,' and 'Mignon Regrettant sa Patrie,' in both of which are more distinctly felt the sharpness of a manner like that of Ingres, with a specious modification of the natural distinctness of line that appears in all draperies. In the Giaour the drapery is painted with a force and confusion of marking correspondent with the tumult within, and in the 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise,' and the two Mignons, the sentiment of the drapery corresponds with the peaceful emotions of the soul; in the case of the Giaour, the treatment of drapery is an elegant propriety; in that of the Mignons, it might have been more approximate to nature, without in anywise detracting from the penetrating language of the features. 'Le Roi de Thule' was painted the same year—a subject taken from Goethe's ballad. The old king is represented drinking, for the last time, from the cup given to him by his mistress, before he threw it into the sea, lest it should be profaned by the hand of any other possessor. There are two versions of this subject; the former is enfeebled by the introduction of too many objects; in the latter, the king is a grand and solid Rembrandtesque conception, in all its parts strong and well kept in hand, and as to breadth, all but a monotone. These two versions of the same subject exhibit, as clearly as any of his works, Scheffer as the earnest plodding student; and in the second picture we see the golden fruit of his study. We now arrive at the period at which Scheffer began to devote himself to religious art, during his study of which, for the remainder of his life, he returns but seldom to his favourite poets. The exhibition contains but two instances from Goethe, and one from Dante, and two of these are among the most valuable of the works of this eminent man. 'Le Christ au Jardin des Oliviers' is the first essay in religious

art exhibited. In purity of treatment and original power, the picture merits comparison with the old masters; but in expression the head of the Saviour is a failure. 'Les Rois Mages,' painted in 1844, is not less original a study of three heads that may be accepted as typical of the poet, the philosopher, and the warrior; and here again, in an eminent degree, we recognise matured study applied to the embodiment of a conception of rare beauty. In 1844 'Mignon et le vieux Joueur de Harpe' appeared, and in 1847 'Les Saintes Femmes revenant du Tombeau,' a work perfectly well known from the admirable engraving which has been taken from it. The treatment of the heads, their movement, and expression, place this among M. Scheffer's best works. There may be somewhat more of poetry than religion in the conception, but the touching sentiment of the aspiration subdues criticism. Again, 'Ruth et Noémie' is a composition and a narrative worthy of the best times of the Italian schools; it reminds the spectator now of the Florentine Andrea, and anon, of the Bolognese Guido. The attitudes of both figures are copiously descriptive, and the hands and features are all most eloquent, according to the touching story that supplies the subjects. But the crowning essay of Scheffer's poetical genius is the 'Francesca de Rimini,' and whenever, hereafter, his name occurs to the memory, that is the picture which will at once fill the mind; it is so well known by the engraving that any description were superfluous. The canvas is large, the figures being small life-size. The composition, with its flowing lines and floating figures, is much in the elegant feeling of Flaxman; indeed, Scheffer has said that if he were ever tempted to follow any artist, it would be Flaxman. Never was anguish painted more poignantly in a profile than in that of Francesca, in whose action are also shown reliance, devotion, and love. The movement of Paolo will bring to mind that of Lazarus in the National Gallery, but here the function of the drapery is so beautifully discharged, and it is so skilfully blended with the figures, that without it the composition would be much less perfect. If the quotation in the catalogue—

"Oh, lasso,
Quanti dolor pensar! quanto desio, &c."

be the passage originally given with the title by Scheffer, it is very clear from the action of the figures that the lines on which he principally dwelt were—

"Mentre che l'uno spirito questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni meno come s'io morisse," &c.;

and the interview is at an end, for the spirits are floating away, as we see by the line of Francesca's hair, which, by the way, is the least praiseworthy form in the picture. With respect to the age of Dante, there is an objection to offer. He himself says, at the commencement of the "Inferno," that he was—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

but we find him here certainly approaching sixty; the head, moreover, of Virgil is morally a failure. It avails but little to tell us that it has been copied from the putative bust of Virgil: if there were as many busts of Virgil as there are of Julius Caesar, it cannot be doubted that the types would be as various as those attributed to the great commander. The head of Virgil is so insignificant that it cannot be received as that of him whom Dante challenges as—

"Quel Virgilio e quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì fiume?"

In 'Saint Augustin at Saint Monique,' painted in 1855, there is a distinction in the forms of the head of St. Augustine that separates it from the general type of the small heads in the Exhibition. In these heads we have the same forcible expression, that gives so much value to other works painted during the last fifteen years of his life; and as distinguished by this excellence may be cited—'Les Douleurs de la Terre,' 'Marguerite à la Fontaine,' 'Le Baiser de Judas,' 'Figure de Calvin,' 'Faust à la Coupe,' 'Le Christ et Saint Jean,' 'Madeleine en Extase,' and, besides these, there are other works which do not reach this high standard, as 'La Tentation du Christ,' 'Jacob et Rachel,' 'L'Amour Divin et l'Amour Terrestre,' &c.

And thus is the genius of Scheffer set forth, so

that we accompany him through his life of ceaseless application, and various emotions and impulses. It was not until after twenty years of labour that he discovered his particular qualifications; but at this we marvel not, as in artist life it is a common contingency. The portraits exhibited are very numerous; they may all be likenesses, but there are not very many of them possessing qualities much beyond this. But Scheffer is truly great in the expression of tender and intense emotion, and grand in his rehearsal of the thoughts and passions of men. His best productions are those in which he has not been seduced by attempts at colour; and in the extensive allusion and copious description of his limited compositions he can never be excelled.

THE FIFTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN WATER-COLOURS BY CARL WERNER.

THE fifth collection of his pictures in water-colours, which Carl Werner is now exhibiting at his atelier, No. 49, Pall Mall, honourably sustains the high reputation he so deservedly enjoys. Like its predecessors, this collection comprises various continental architectural subjects, with landscape-scenery, and figures, the results of the artist's labours during the last twelve months; and, in addition to these works, which are twenty-two in number, Carl Werner has this year painted three pictures since his return to England in April last, his subjects being an interior view of the House of Lords, and two well-known portions of Westminster Abbey. These three pictures impart a fresh character to the exhibition, and in themselves they possess qualities of the highest order.

In his picture of the House of Lords, Carl Werner has been content to give a faithful representation of Sir Charles Barry's gorgeous hall, as it awaits the assembling of the peers of England beneath its richly-decorated roof, without introducing even a single figure to enhance the effect of the architecture and its accessories. In less able hands this must have been a rather dangerous experiment; but Carl Werner combines the science of an architect with the power of a true artist, and he has produced one of the most perfect architectural drawings that it has been our good fortune to have seen. The perspective is absolutely stereoscopic, the colouring is rich and harmonious, the whole being most skilfully lighted up by a warm sunbeam, that floats in through one of the open stained-glass windows; and the texture, whether of fresco-adorned walls or carved oak, or elaborately-wrought metal work, or crimson velvet, has never been surpassed by the artist himself—and we know not how to express commendation in stronger terms.

The view of the tombs of Edward III. and his Queen Philippa, which is obtained from the chapel of St. Nicholas, on the south side of Westminster Abbey, with the adjoining parts of the abbey itself, has been chosen by Carl Werner to form the first of a series of pictures which he proposes to paint in this, the noblest of our English churches. His second picture, of smaller size, but fully equal to its companion in excellence, represents the doorway that leads to the Chapel of Abbot Islip, to the north of the choir. We commend these drawings to the thoughtful attention of those gentlemen connected professionally with architecture, who both do and do not contribute productions of their own to what bears amongst us the title of the "Architectural Exhibition." They might obtain from them some suggestions that would go far to raise the character of their exhibition in its artistic capacity, and, indeed, which might save it from degenerating into being an exhibition of architectural accessories, accompanied with a certain number of office plans and elevations.

Venice, the Alhambra, Lubeck, Leipzig, Verona, Meissen in Saxony, Spalatro, and various other parts of Dalmatia, contribute scenes, some of them long established in favour with both artists and poets, and others such as are but little known. The "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Rialto" are rendered with a freshness of feeling and effect which convince us that such things exist as subjects for pictures that are not to be worn out. The Lion of St. Mark,

that, with a few other shattered relics of the long-departed days of Venetian greatness, now lies amidst the reeds in the swamps of Torcello, is an epic in itself, and most poetically has Carl Werner treated it. The same remark applies with equal justice to the picture of the Cyclopean masonry at Norba, in the Pontine Marshes, with the picturesque group of goat-herds and goats watching the storm that threatens them from Monte Circeo, and from the more distant sea and its islands. Two views of the Town-hall at Leipzig demand special notice, from their singular merit,—a merit which has been most appropriately appreciated, as is shown by the fact that both have immediately found purchasers. One other picture only our space will permit us to particularise. This has been entitled by the artist, "The Riches of Science;" it represents the interior of the "Studio of Dr. Brehm, the eminently learned and distinguished ornithologist, Reutendorff, Saxony." The doctor appears seated in his studio; and most certainly the room, with its furniture and fittings, are the very things to be associated with such a man, as the man himself could scarcely be imagined to exercise his vocation except in such a locale, and surrounded by such objects as are here grouped together, at once in admirable disorder and in the happiest artistic combination.

Our readers will not, we are assured, fail to accord to us their thanks for reminding them that Herr Werner receives daily at his atelier visitors who may favour him with a call, between the hours of half-past two and six o'clock, for the purpose of inspecting his pictures; and also that he devotes his mornings to giving instruction, in classes, in the study and practice of his favourite and popular art.

OBITUARY.

MR. DAVID COX.

A VERY few weeks only have elapsed since we directed the attention of our readers to the collection of pictures by David Cox, exhibited in the metropolis, and now we have to record the death of the veteran painter—one whose equal, as an uncompromising and truthful delineator of English rural landscape, we never expect to see. It almost seems as if the collection in question had been gathered together to form a chaplet of flowers of his own rearing to be placed on his grave. He died at his residence, Harborne, near Birmingham, on the 7th of last month, after an illness of only two or three days, as we understand, though his health had visibly been declining for some considerable time. He was born in 1783, and, consequently, had reached his seventy-sixth year.

It is not our intention now to go into the particulars of David Cox's career. We are preparing some engravings from his works to form one of our series of "British Artists" for a future number, when a more favourable opportunity than is at present afforded will occur for speaking of him. Our personal knowledge of the artist, and the recollection of his simple and unassuming character, would have restrained us from saying, while he lived, what we can say now that praise "falls listless on unhearing ears." Though by no means insensible to any commendation bestowed on his works, we never met with a man who received it with more diffidence, or on whom it made a less self-complacent impression. It has been truly remarked by a writer in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, that, "in perfect harmony with his simple and beautiful character, Cox was the last to realise the fame and the honour to which he had reached." He possessed, in its way, a genius as original as that of Turner: there are those who cannot, or will not, understand either—we sorrow for them as we do for the physically blind, to whom the glories of nature and of Art are irremediably closed.

MR. JACOB BELL.

The death of this gentleman, during the last month, must not pass without a record in our columns. In noticing, a short time since, the exhibition of paintings at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Mr. Bell's contribution of pictures, in which those by Sir E. Landseer were conspicuous, was particularly pointed out; and also the circum-

stance, namely, the declining state of his health, that induced him temporarily to denude the walls of his mansion in Langham Place of their greatest ornaments. His collection of "Landseers" is, perhaps, the finest in the kingdom, for, we believe, Sir Edwin has painted but few pictures of late years which have not passed into, or through, the hands of Mr. Bell. Rumour, which it is hoped may not prove false, says he has bequeathed his entire collection to the National Gallery.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A VERY interesting feature in the collection of the "old masters" this year is the number of Gainsborough's works that appears in the third room, and which, perhaps, are the more attractive, as those of the works of the Italian schools that are celebrated as known pictures, are more famous than excellent. This exhibition always opens soon after the Royal Academy, and these same ancient masters, with their sedate greys and browns, administer an effective *solatium* to eyes nervously excited by the racking colours of the Royal Academy. 'The Salutation,' by Manzuoli di San Friano (No. 3), is a large altar-piece of much harmonious beauty, very soft in manner, with somewhat of the feeling of Andrea del Sarto, for Manzuoli was of the Florentine school, and certainly studied Del Sarto. By Sebastian del Piombo there are (No. 4), 'Francesco Albizzi,' (No. 6) 'Head of a Man,' and, above all, two small heads, charmingly painted portraits of Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano, in excellent condition. No. 14 is a 'Landscape and Figures,' by Poussin, as dark and deep as his works usually are; and No. 16 is entitled 'The Madonna dell' Impannata,' Raffaele, which looks very like a sketch made for a fresco, and painted by Giulio Romano. In many places the outlines of the drawing are conspicuous, and the whole seems to have been coloured with extreme care, that the lines might be preserved. The famous 'Madonna dell' Impannata' is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence; it was painted by Raffaele for Bindo Altovita, and soon afterwards came into the possession of Cosmo dei Medici. It differs, in all but design, very much from this, and it is all but certain that even that picture was entirely painted by some one of Raffaele's pupils. There is a curiosity (No. 17) by Salvator Rosa, 'La Fortuna,' a picture representing Fortune showering her best gifts upon swine. The picture is said to have been painted by Salvator when under the excitement of anger against the pope, and on account of the subject he was expelled from Rome. To Titian is attributed the remarkable portrait (No. 21), that of Raffaele, which may have been painted by Titian, but it has much more the feeling of Giorgione, and were it by that artist, would be more valuable than if by Titian. At No. 26 we come to an 'Ecce Homo,' by Tintoretto, by whom are also (No. 1) 'Portrait of a member of the Pesano Family,' (No. 7) 'The Last Supper,' (No. 44) 'Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple,' and (No. 45) 'The Baptism of our Saviour,' each of which has a manner peculiar to itself, and no two of them could be recognised as by the same hand. Dosso Dossi is a painter, of whose works many have not travelled out of Italy; we find here, however (No. 2), 'Jupiter and Antiope,' a picture to which much care has been given, and (No. 33) 'Pianto, riso, ira,' three grotesque heads, which, from a certain resemblance they bear to his own in the collection of the Ritratti dei Pittori, in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, may have been studied from his own features. In 'Schnyders, his Wife, and Child,' Vandyke does not rise to the rare quality that is so imposing in the dames and

cavaliers of Charles's court. We do not remember when Vandyke quitted Antwerp, but it was yet in early youth, and he must, therefore, have been very young when he painted this sober and well-rounded study, without any of the sunny gaiety of Rubens's manner, as seen in (No. 46) 'The Duchess of Buckingham and Family,' a member of which is that ubiquitous chubby child with the large round eyes and light hair that Rubens will drag into all his works, either as Christian cherub or pagan Cupid. In No. 52 Giulio Romano gives a head of Giovanni de Medici, and not a pleasant resemblance, if we may accept as a likeness the famous figure in armour painted by Titian, and now among the Medici portraits at Florence.

In the middle room is an interior (No. 54) by A. Ostade, showing that especial partiality for gradations of blue which is exemplified more in the Louvre picture than in any other of his works. The picture is far behind his best works in the brilliant finish that distinguishes these. After passing (No. 56) 'A Winter Scene, with figures skating,' J. Ostade, (No. 58) 'A Calm,' W. Van de Velde, (No. 62) 'A Storm,' W. Van de Velde, (No. 65) 'A Light Gale,' W. Van de Velde, we come to (No. 67) 'Landscape, with the fisherman presenting to Polycrates, the Tyrant of Samos, a fish, inside of which was afterwards found the ring he had cast into the sea,' S. Rosa; and also by Salvator there is a pendant (No. 72), 'Landscape, with the story of the death of Polycrates;' and even in these two works the analyst may read the temperament of the man. All his smaller works have that spirit of *impromptu* which shows that they were all pictures in his mind before he touched the canvas. His great power lies in landscape; but he affected to despise landscape, and consequently despised rural nature. These pictures are, therefore, spirited sketches, with that almost uniform treatment of the sky which heralds a Salvator at any distance. Moucheron and A. Van de Velde combine in (No. 76) a 'Landscape with Figures,' a small garden scene with figures, painted with great care; and No. 77 is a large 'Landscape,' by De Koning, presenting a tract of country somewhat richer, but not unlike the extensive flat we survey from the spire of Antwerp cathedral. It is painted almost without colour, and so skilfully managed as to represent a vast expanse of country, always the great merit of his works. 'A Street Scene' (No. 78) is an example of Linglebach; the figures are picturesque and admirably drawn, and the general condition of the picture is excellent. Near this is a 'Conversation,' by Jan Steen, bearing the date 1667, and painted, therefore, in his thirty-first year, and before he had abandoned himself entirely to dissipation, for there is as yet not that infirmity of touch which, indicative of the shaking hand and weakened eye, distinguishes his productions of ten years later. No. 79, a 'Landscape and Cattle,' by Berghem, is an average example of the painter's manner, whose works, with all their beauty, we never see without wishing that he had characterised them by somewhat more of variety of sentiment and material. This oneness of feeling tells us many things, but especially that Berghem was a great manufacturer of pictures, which his captivating execution made extensively popular. No. 85, 'Fruit and Flowers,' is one of the most elegant and brilliant examples of Van Os we have ever seen. This painter may be generally considered as inferior to Van Huysum, but the latter never excelled this picture. By Decker and A. Ostade, a 'Landscape and Figures' affords an admirable example of the style of the former in a picture in which appears an earnest study of nature; the trees look as truthful as those of Both and Hobbima.

'A Boar Hunt' (No. 104), and 'A Stag Hunt' (No. 110), form a pendant, of course, by Schnyders. The 'Boar Hunt' is a dark and heavy picture, by no means comparable to the other. All Schnyders' dogs are of one type, and although the admirers of this painter believed that canine portraiture could never be carried beyond his essays, dog painting has, among ourselves, been carried to a degree of excellence never dreamt of in his time. By Ruysdael, 'A Landscape and Waterfall' (No. 106) instances the very dark manner into which Ruysdael passed when he ceased addressing himself to nature, and accepting her tones as those of incontrovertible truth. There is by Vanderneer (No. 111) a very charming 'River View,' a moonlight in which the effect has been conducted with great skill: it is clear and deep, without any opacity or blackness.

The third room contains the Gainsboroughs, of which there are forty-two. As Thomas Gainsborough is one of the stars of our school, we are thankful for an opportunity of comparing him with himself, for it is thus only that a painter develops himself, and in looking at collections of this kind it is easy to understand wherefore many distinguished artists deprecate a posthumous collection of all their works, that is, as many as can be brought together. In the arena of portraiture, Reynolds felt that he was jostled by Gainsborough, and, therefore, signalised him as "the greatest landscape-painter of the day"—an eulogy pronounced by Sir Joshua in the hearing of Wilson, who immediately added, with some degree of asperity, that he was also the most gifted portrait-painter. Wilson was not quite right, but he was nearer the truth than Reynolds, for there are heads in this collection of which Velasquez or Vandyke might have been proud, while there is no landscape which may not be equalled, or surpassed, by our present landscape school. Although in Gainsborough's landscapes we are reminded now of Poussin, now of Mola, and sometimes of certain of the Dutch painters, yet he was as much an originator as any other artist who is distinguished by beauties peculiar to himself. Reynolds was the genius who reversed all the ill-founded conclusions of our school of portraiture, that, before his time, had ignored Vandyke, and extolled Kneller beyond the stars; and Gainsborough in this was a follower of Reynolds, and in that wherein he was a follower, he was superior to that in which he was original. But his degree as a landscape painter must be considered rather in reference to his time than his quality. Remembering, therefore, the time in which he lived, he must be acknowledged a landscape painter of extraordinary power, and the history of the art does not supply a name of which the possessor was accomplished as at once a painter of heads and landscapes beyond Thomas Gainsborough. 'The Cottage Door' (No. 93) is a fine example of his domestic subject matter. It is a large picture of a cottage, dominated by dark masses of foliage, toned so as to lead the eye to a group of rustic figures in the foreground. The dispositions are very impressive. The student of marine subjects may be surprised that Gainsborough should have ventured on such material as is presented in a 'Seashore and Figures' (No. 134). Ruysdael did the same thing, but he succeeded much better than Gainsborough, for here the sea is entirely without the common water-forms; but in (No. 137) 'Landscape and Cattle,' we find him more at home, indeed, so much more so, that we recognise in it more of the studio than of open-air painting; the foliage of the trees, for instance, rises in successive and equal quantities—an arrangement which we do not see in nature. We

find, in direct opposition to that free manner in which so many of his pictures are worked (No. 141), 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' and its pendant (No. 147), 'Landscape and Figures,' two pictures, painted up to a degree of finish so minute, as entirely to exclude them from comparison with pictures in his other manner. They look like subjects realised from veritable localities, yet with a certain qualification of that cold metallic green to which this painter was so partial. As a contrast to this (No. 159) a 'Landscape, with Horses and Figures,' is made out with a strong effect of light and shade, and with a full and firm touch; and in a similar manner (No. 160) a 'Landscape, with Figures, after Teniers,' is painted. 'A Girl Feeding Pigs' (No. 172) is a charming picture, though so unassuming as to subject. The child is seated on the ground, presented in profile, contemplating her porcine *protégés* at their refection: a very attractive figure, and, as for the animals, they are as satisfactory as any specimens that could be shown. But to turn to the reverse of the medal. A glance at Gainsborough's portraits shows us that he differs from Reynolds in his aim at honest simple painting, and, moreover, that his landscape study gave him the power of accompanying his portraits with shreds of sylvan and garden composition, which constituted these combinations not only portraits, but veritable pictures. Of this class is (No. 97) 'The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell,' but in all his most careful works we find some of that raw turgid green that always forces upon us the conviction that Gainsborough was blind as to associations of colour. Reynolds's theory of harmony is quite right. Gainsborough's attempt to refute it by his 'Blue Boy,' produced a fine study, but did not disturb the solidity of Reynolds's position. A 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 147) is an admirable work—it is very careful, and is qualified with the very best feeling of the painter. To continue the portraits, there are (No. 135) 'Mrs. Gainsborough,' and (No. 139) 'Miss Gainsborough,' the lady, doubtless, whom the painter portioned on her marriage with one of his pictures. No. 142 is a 'Portrait of Ralph Schomberg, Esq.,' (No. 149) 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' that excellent person whom the Prince of Wales, at her death, characterised as a gentlewoman, and Charles James Fox as an angel. 'A Family Picture' (No. 150) is a large composition, with six life-sized figures, painted with as much solidity as those in Vandyke's family pictures. 'Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, and her Brother' (No. 152), a study of two heads only, affords one of the most precious examples of Gainsborough's art. In roundness, vitality, and colour these heads will bear comparison with any of the lustrous triumphs of the best times of the art; there is, moreover, a simplicity in the painting which will, through a course of centuries, maintain the tones of the colour. (No. 154), 'Miss Gainsborough,' is a profile as bright in hue as if by Reynolds, but wanting his winning suavity of touch. (No. 163), 'Georgiana, First Countess Spencer,' presents the lady in a jacket, waistcoat, cravat, and ruffles; a head and bust only, and somewhat sketchy. These are a portion of the remarkable portraits by Gainsborough, and we know of the existence of others fully equal to the best of these; and now we submit that an examination of the pictures thus collected will set forth the powers of Gainsborough in any comparison between his portraiture and landscape capabilities, as pre-eminent in the former. The exhibition contains various instances of our school, but the opportunity of a comparison of Gainsborough with himself was an occasion not to be lost.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE ALMSDEEDS OF DORCAS.

W. C. T. Dobson, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 9 in.

PICTURES of this class are not generally included among those which usually bear the title of "religious" Art-works, and yet they have as much, or more, right to be so denominated as those of the saints, martyrs, virgins, and holy men—the staple subjects of the old masters—who painted pictures for the adornment of ancient religious edifices and institutions. The philanthropic lady of Joppa, whom Peter raised from the dead, has not—so far, at least, as we know—any place in the calendar of that church which acknowledges as its founder the life-giving saint by whom the miracle was wrought; her labours of love, her benevolence, her warm-hearted compassion, have not been able to secure her name to be engraven even on the lowest part of the pedestal that bears the column on which stands, in venerated dignity, the figure of the great apostle who is said to hold the keys of the Christian church: but was not Tabitha a saint? and is not a painter's ideal representation of her good deeds a sacred subject—a religious Art-work? We do not allow, as many do, that every incident recorded in the Scriptures becomes, therefore, a sacred theme for poet or artist; a mere historical fact narrated by an inspired writer, and having no immediate connection with the important truths contained therein, except as a matter of Jewish history, cannot strictly be so interpreted: there are many such passages which will readily occur to the mind of every reader of the sacred volume. The history of Dorcas, as Tabitha was called, cannot, however, call forth two opposite opinions; her life was eminently religious ere she was struck down by the hand of death; her restoration to life showed the miraculous power with which her Divine Master had endowed some of his servants and companions on earth. The evangelist St. Luke thus narrates her history in the Acts, chap. ix.:

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

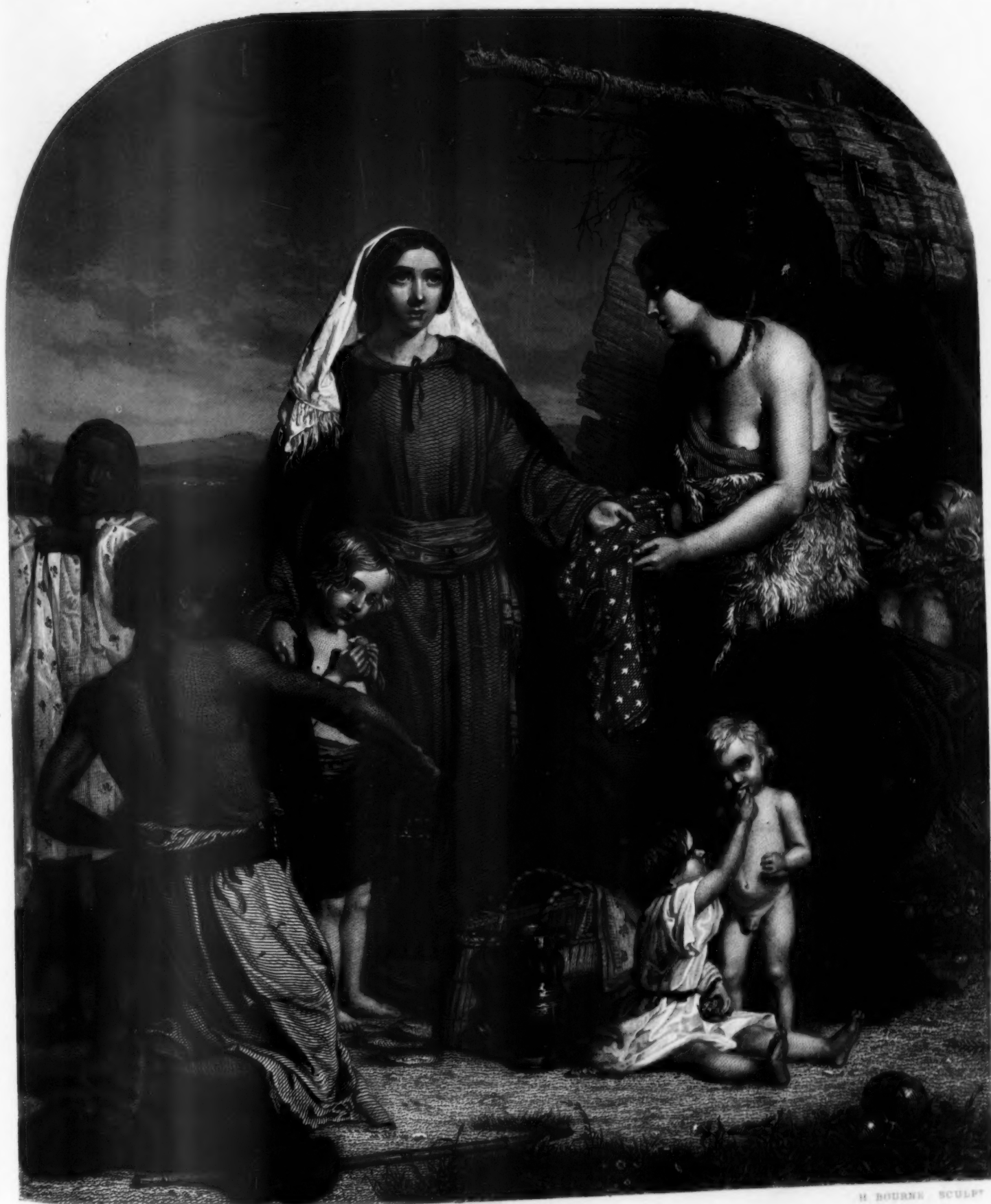
"And it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died; whom when they had washed they laid her in an upper chamber."

"And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them."

"Then Peter arose, and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them," &c. &c.

Mr. Dobson has not taken an artist's licence with the theme he has represented; he has made Dorcas what we are told she was, "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did;" she was herself the almoner of her own bounty, and doubtless went forth, as we see her here, into the highways and suburbs of Joppa—or, as it is now called, Jaffa—to relieve the sick and the destitute. She is represented in the picture before us administering relief to a family of "children of the desert:" under a rude tent of reed-matting is an aged man, apparently at the point of death, to whose parched lips her attendant is offering drink; food has been given to the others—husband, wife, and children—and now Dorcas with her own hands is clothing the naked. The whole composition is finely and poetically conceived: the subject has been earnestly felt, and most successfully worked out. In colour it is abundantly rich—the principal figure is clad in a robe of purple red, and over the shoulders falls a dark crimson cloak; the scarf round her waist is orange; these colours are somewhat lowered in tone by the bright scarlet jacket which she is placing in the hands of the poor woman, whose dress is of the rudest materials—a rough sheepskin over a tattered, ill-shaped, lower garment of a brownish-black hue. The negro-looking man has a bright yellow cloth round his loins, and is girding himself with a scarf of deep carmine colour: he kneels on a cloth of broad light blue stripes; the young girl's robe is of a white and pink material, in stripes, with small flowers on it.

The picture is at Osborne.



THE ALMS-DEEDS OF DORCAS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE.

9 JY 59

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VII.—TENBY, &c.



ILL the reader permit us to interrupt our narrative, and precede our notes concerning Tenby, by reconducting him to the Ferry between Neyland and Pater, to record an incident that occurred to us during our passage? With such "breaks" in our descriptions we endeavour, from time to time, to lighten topographic details.

It was a pleasant day we passed between Pater and Tenby, visiting the old castles of Pembroke and Manorbeer, and the venerable Palace of Lamphey; even the ferry had its charm as we crossed it, preferring—for the morning was mild and the breeze gentle—the common row-boat to the boat propelled by steam, and so delighting a group of weather-beaten mariners who watched our embarkation at the neat quay. Our boatmen—there were two—fell naturally into discourse concerning this incident, complimenting alike our wisdom and our taste, and expressing, unrestrained, their own opinions as to the folly or the wickedness of so abominable an innovation on the freedom of the fair Haven, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the landscape; both agreeing—and justifying their belief by sundry sea-phrases, incomprehensible, or at least unrepresentable—that it was an insult and a degradation to any British seaman to be asked to navigate a huge tea-kettle. We may print a few passages of their sea talk as they rowed us leisurely across.

"I wonder, from my heart and sawl," said one of them, a sturdy fellow, who had lost an eye in *some* service, "did any of them new-fashioned circumnavigators ever give 'emselves time to look at a duck—only a duck—and see the way she floats, and steers, and turns on the ripple; and how her little eyes watch the wind, and how she rises and sinks with the wave? See what a beautiful pair of oars the Lord gave her to keep her gwyn on the water: now I look on the duck as the father and mother of all the boats, canoes, oars and scullers, that ever touched the waves—I do indeed; and I'll stand up to it, there isn't no such swimming-master on the coast as a duck—her paddling is beautiful! she has such a take-it-easy way with her, and yet cuts the element like a prize wherry. But you'll see, it's not long your fine scientific men will leave duck or goose to go the way of nature; they'll be for improving them, as they think they do land and sea, giving no peace to either. Now, mesemate, what is so natural to a ferry-boat as a pair of oars? and what so natural, when a poor fellow gets keel-hauled, yet wants to be doing something, as *his* taking to the ferry-boat, and earning a living? They don't count us 'able bodied seamen' at the Admiralty, and yet either of us could ply such a craft as the old ferry-boat, and turn an honest penny, and no danger of the passengers being blown to Jericho—or further, and worse. I wonder what Britannia thinks of these new fangles? I only wish auld Neptune could catch a steam-tug crossing the line—or a what-d'ye-call-um cable! Ah, it wasn't with such tackle we won the battle of the Nile, or the great Trafalgar, where my father did what the song says England expected 'every man to do!'"

"She's puffing across now," said the older sea-dog, with a sound between a growl and a chuckle; "I always watches her night and day—never misses her crossing over; and do you know why? well, I'll tell yah!" and the seams and packers in his weather-beaten face were in harmony with the keen twinkle of his grey eye; "I know she'll blow up, and I wouldn't miss it—no, not to be made first lord!"

We are now on the high road to TENBY, and shall be there anon: it is in sight long before we reach it.

Tenby is, according to the county historian, Fenton, "beautiful in every stage of its approximation,"—occupying a lofty promontory which the sea, at full tide, to use the forcible phrase of old Leland, "peninsulateth." It is seen from afar off, on whichever side the traveller "approacheth," and on none to greater advantage than from the charming road we have been traversing—the road from Pembroke, called the Ridgeway. Soon after leaving Manorbeer to the right, we come in sight of Caldy Island. A day will be well spent here; a row across the bay, of two and a half miles, being one of the especial treats of visitors, to examine the walls and remains of a castellated mansion which now form parts of a modern dwelling—the residence of the gentleman who owns

the old nest of the sea-kings. There are other objects here to arrest attention: an ancient tower, and an inscribed stone, still more ancient; while its smaller sister, St. Margaret's, separated from it when the tide is in, and joined to it, at low water, by a reef of rocks, contains also objects which the antiquary will explore gladly; while the rocks and cliffs that girt either shore are fertile of matters deeply interesting to the naturalist; and the breezes, either mild or strong, are ever full of health, on those green fields which the sea environs. From any of these heights we view



TENBY FROM THE SOUTH.

the town—a charming sight it always is, occupying a steep which the tide "peninsulateth," the Castle Hill its huge sentinel, St. Catherine's, an island at high water, its advanced guard, and the tall tower of St. Mary its beacon and protector. All is bare on this side—the artist has so shown it—while on the other, trees grow in luxuriant beauty, under the shadows of cliffs, and sheltered by near hills, where those who are delicate have pleasant promenades, leaving the side opposite to the more hardy and robust. The artist has here pictured the town from both points; into the sketch from the north, he has introduced the pier, where small vessels are protected from all winds, on which, formerly, stood the chapel of St. Julian, where mariners offered up prayers, and left their dole for the priests, whose duty it was to make perpetual intercession for the seamen and fishermen of Tenby who were labouring on the perilous ocean.

In truth, Tenby is "beautiful" from whichever side approached, and very agreeable when



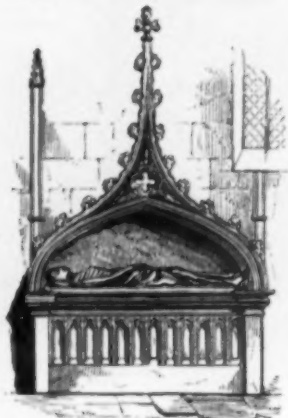
TENBY FROM THE NORTH.

entered: there are good hotels here, and lodging-houses in plenty, the major part of them, of course, facing the sea; the markets are well supplied, carriages are numerous, and not dear; boats are at all times ready, the warm baths are good, and the bathing-machines in abundance; while the sands, the great attraction of this charming sea-town, become so hard, almost instantly after the tide is out, that the thinnest shoe may be worn by walkers who tread them; and, on one side or other of the town, there is, at all times, shelter from winds to be avoided.

It is clear, therefore, that as a "watering place," Tenby has advantages second to those of no seaport in the kingdom: to our minds, it is a recommendation, and not a drawback, that a railway does not run right into the houses, although sufficiently near to give help without encumbrance. We shall show, presently, how many attractions it has to induce walks and drives—temptations to exercise, the source of health.

Before we take our ramble round the town, let us visit the old church, and the venerable walls, the castle, towers, and battlements, on which the curious eye has been often fixed, from the moment sight is obtained of Tenby.

The Church at Tenby, dedicated to St. Mary, is situated in the centre of the town; it is of large size, the largest church in Pembrokeshire, but of oddly mingled architecture; the "style" is the produce of several periods—some portions dating back to a remote age, others bearing unquestionable evidence of a time when taste and fitness were little thought of in edifices dedicated to the service of the Deity. No doubt it suffered often during the Welsh wars, and was restored according to the caprice of "authorities." It consists of a nave and chancel, with side aisles, and has a square battlemented tower, surmounted by a spire of bath stone, rising from the south aisle of the chancel to a height of one hundred and fifty-two feet—a notable landmark for mariners. Looking down the High Street upon the three gable ends that form the west front, the exterior has no peculiar feature, excepting two fine Perpendicular windows—the only two alike throughout the structure. Entering the interior



ANCIENT TOMB OF A MONK.

through the low arch that forms the western entrance, and passing under the middle gallery, the fine flight of altar steps at the opposite end has a grand effect, and the great size of the building is at once perceptible. The extreme length is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the breadth proportionably large; but this extensive area is broken and the flatness relieved by two rows of pillars and arches that separate the aisles from the centre, and serve to support the lofty, overhanging roofs of great width, from which hang the not inelegant chandeliers. The greater portion of the floor is encumbered with close fixed pews, that rise in galleries against the walls of both aisles; but the chancel, which has had its magnificent roof, recently repaired, and a fine monumental window inserted in the east wall, is furnished with appropriate open seats. The north aisle presents a goodly store of monumental antiquities.



ANCIENT TOMB OF A FEMALE.

Not far from each other, under richly ornamented niches in the wall, are two very ancient tombs—the greater part of both hidden by the pews: on one is the effigy of a naked, emaciated monk, with a winding-sheet thrown partly over it. The tomb which Fenton supposes to be the tomb of Tully, Bishop of St. David's, who, it is well-known, was buried at Tenby, is on the north of the altar steps. Another tomb contains a female figure, robed in well-executed drapery: this we have engraved. A little way further up is an extensive and ambitious monument bespattered with paint and gilt; it was erected by Thomas Rees, of Scotborough, "armiger," to the memory of his wife, who died in 1610. The husband, bare-headed, in plate-armour, is on bended knees before a *prie-dieu*; the wife, in all her frilled finery, is extended on her side at his feet; whilst the boys and girls of the deceased are represented on the base, with features in which the sculptor has evidently

laboured to flatter the living parent. Against the east wall is the kneeling figure of William Risam, dressed in his red aldermanic gown—a good specimen of a well-to-do tradesman in 1630. Near the head of the worthy alderman is a little break in the wall, said to have been caused by Cromwell, who nred at the figure, supposing it to be a living being! The finest of all the monuments, however, is that erected to the memory of two of the family of White—exten-



THE CHURCH: EXTERIOR.

sive merchants of Tenby for several generations. This monument fills the arch at the left-hand side of the altar steps; the base, of alabaster, divided into compartments and filled with *bassi relievi*, supports two males, dressed in a style characteristic of the time. Here, too, is the tomb of Walter Vaughan, of Duuraven—the hero of traditionary lore, as a famous wrecker in his day; who, having gathered wealth by hanging out false lights, and so guiding mariners to rocks,



THE CHURCH: INTERIOR.

suffered a just but terrible punishment, having been the means of thus luring his own two sons to death. He is buried here, and, according to his epitaph, "awaits a glorious resurrection!" This is the only church in Tenby—if we except the Cemetery Chapel, in the outskirts of the town. In summer-time it is always full; seats, however, are reserved for strangers, who are consequently expected, or rather required, to contribute to the cost of repairs.

A morning at Tenby may be pleasantly and profitably spent in examining the old walls, the tower on the castle-hill, the remains of the castle, and the towers and gateways that yet defy the inroads of time. If left to themselves by "the authorities," perhaps that is their good, rather than their ill, fortune; for if little has been done to protect them from decay, nothing has at all events been attempted with a view



NICHE IN THE TOWN WALL.

to their "restoration." There are few walled towns in the kingdom so easily examined, or so fruitful of reward.

Tenby is a very old place: so far back as 1150 it was strongly fortified, its inhabitants being fierce and warlike; it was twice taken before the close of the twelfth century, and twice "reduced to ashes." Its castle was then a large and strong building—it is now a shapeless ruin; but some of the walls are undoubtedly seven hundred years old. During the reign of Henry VIII., according to Leland, "the towne was



KEEP OF TENBY CASTLE.

strongly walled and well gated, every gate having his port collis ex solido ferro." To trace these walls, some of which are still perfect, and to enter these towers, two or three of which continue in very tolerable preservation, is therefore an enjoyment not often to be obtained in England.

Tenby,* as we have intimated, was for a long period one of

* The Welsh name of Tenby—"Dybych y-Fysoed, the place of fishes"—leads us to believe it was a fishing town at a very early period; it is now not famous for fish—if we except oysters, which, however, are used chiefly for pickling: "being eaten raw, they seem too strong a meate for weak stomachs, and must be parled in two, three, or four peeces." Tenby is supposed by good authorities "to be a name which, under the appearance of Danish, is really Welsh: the southern form of that which in the north is called Denbigh, i.e., little hill, or little fort."

the strongest and most important fortresses of South Wales.* On the two sides that face the sea, the fortifications needed to be of no great strength: nature was its protector; the huge cliffs and the wild sea were its best guardians. All that now remain are a small circular turret, and the watch-tower; part of the gateway, and a few fragments of the outer walls that surrounded the castle-hill; the gateway and the fragments are pictured in our engraving. The castle-hill is an immense limestone bastion, that projects into the sea (dividing the north from the south sands) at the point where the sides meet. The other two sides were defended by



THE SOUTH GATE TOWER.

thick, lofty walls that ran at right angles with each other, and terminated both ways on the edge of the precipitous cliff. These are still in tolerable preservation, and beside them, for a considerable portion of their course, a pleasant walk, shaded with trees, occupies the site of the ancient moat. The best view of these old walls is from the north-west corner. Hence it will be seen they are of very unequal length. One ceases at the distance of a hundred yards, leaving a space of about fifty, between its termination and the cliff, as an entrance to the town, where the fine North Gate used to stand; the other runs in a straight line to the south, and is strengthened by frequent towers of various sizes and shapes. This at the angle



REMAINS OF CASTLE GATEWAY.

is round, and "batters" for about four feet from the base. A flagstaff rises from the tower, and over the broken battlements hangs a rich mantle of ivy, clasping the corbels in its creeping course down the sides. A little way on is seen another almost similar; and further still the walk

* As a proof of the estimation in which Tenby was held, in the "Mirror for Magistrates," Owen Glendowr, who is reciting his misfortunes, says—

"Twelve thousand more in Milford did arrive;
And came to me, then lying at Denbigh,
With armed Welshmen thousands double fyve,
With whome," &c.

Cromwell (1648), in a letter to the House, gives his opinion that "the castle and town of Tenby are equal to any in England."

"Henry VI. is said to have built or rebuilt the walls, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, but it was left for Queen Elizabeth, who was a great benefactress to the town in general, and whose initials are still extant over part of the town walls, to contribute that strength and perfection to them which the present remains are a striking proof of."—FESTON.

terminates, and the view is bounded by the south-west gateway; a huge semicircular bastion, seamed with vegetation and entered by a circular arch, which contained the portcullis. The battlements and lancet-holes have been walled up, and the sharp-pointed arches that supported the lower part of the wall and the walk above, have been broken through.* The space between this and the next tower is known as the "South Pool," and is occupied by yards and sheds. About eighty yards of the wall here appear to be of more recent date than the rest, and a stone inserted therein tells us it was erected when the Armada threatened our shores, when—

"From Eddystone to Berwick's bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

Hence, the wall runs through a green meadow, that gaily contrasts with the old grey limestone, and terminates in a little square turret—much resembling the church towers of the district—that overhangs the sea, and seems to grow out of the solid rock from which it springs.

The fortifications were defended through two rows of lancet-holes: the lower can be reached from the ground; to command the other a succession of pointed arches supported the archers' path leading round the battlements, from sea to sea.



TOWER ON SOUTH PARADE.

In one of the houses perched on this cliff, and here pictured, we resided, during our pleasant stay at Tenby; the group is not inappropriately called "BELMONT," and, so near as to be almost part of the dwelling, is the old square tower—one of the seaward defences of the town. Hence there is a wide-spread and very beautiful view: immediately underneath, at the foot of that huge rock, the firm sands extend to St. Catherine's rock, seen to great advantage from this point, in combination with the Castle Hill. Immediately fronting us is Caldy Island, joined at morning, perhaps, with St. Margaret's, to be, at evening, separated by a sea, in depth "full fathom five;" looking landward, a round tower, of very doubtful age, but which, we believe, is by no means "venerable," first meets the eye; while beyond are Pretty Penally, the trees encircling Gurfreston, the steep on which is Hoyle's Mouth, and other objects that promise interest, where genial breezes blow, and wild flowers grow, in rich luxuriance, by green hedges, and in fallow fields. These we shall describe presently. From the higher rooms of the house, or from the summit of the tower, a fine view is obtained of Giltar point, and, further off, "Proud Giltar," one of the most picturesque of all the sea cliffs of the district, while in the extreme distance is seen the land that encircles Carmarthen Bay, and, on clear days, Lundy Island, and the coast of Devonshire; it is difficult, indeed, to find anywhere a prospect at once so extensive, and so beautiful as that we obtain from this house—outside of which there are no buildings, for it stands beside the old town wall, the boundary of the present town.

From this tower, gentle reader, we have watched (as you may, and, we hope, will), at all hours of the day, the thousand things that make a sea-side dwelling a supreme delight; often,

* About twenty yards from the gateway, between the embrasures, is a pretty little niche, which probably held an image of St. Margaret, or some other patron saint of Tenby: this niche we have pictured.

too, during portions of a summer night, when every wave sparkled with those phosphoric lights for which the coast is famous. The sands were alive always. When the tide was full in, the contrast between the foam, and the cliffs up which it dashed, was a glorious study for the artist; and, when the tide turned, it seemed as if its halt was stayed by the horizon. Beneath, upon the hard sands, were troops of laughing children, tripping ladies—many in search of the different *Actinea* that fringe the picturesque caverns of St. Catherine, and which that gentle-hearted and patient naturalist, Mr. Gosse, has so faithfully depicted in his beautiful book of "Tenby"—and gentlemen with telescopes, or opera-glasses, phaetons, and horses, "promenading." The sands are alive with company; the bathing-machines, like overgrown handboxes, are drawn up on the shingle, while the pale, "washed-out" bathing woman sits in the sun, playing, in a listless way, with her little crippled child, beneath the shadows of the ruins that crown the Castle Hill. Presently a steamer comes in sight, and all the glasses are directed to her: the gentlemen, and some of the ladies, rush off, some round the Castle Hill, others through the town, to see the strangers disembark at the pier, by the baths—that is, the sheltered and west end of our quaint little town. Certainly Tenby is quaint; of course, it believes in the pleasantness of picnics, in the reality of much that towns with a "terminus" know to be untrue; but what of that? it is all the happier in its simplicity. You may buy your tea at the library, and your stamps at a grocer's, and receive, if you will, lessons on the concertina, from the postman; while a most useful and ingenious assistant, who "helped" Mr. Gosse, and greatly aided us—one John Jenkins—is ever ready to attend you to gather sea-weed, to collect *Actinea*, to show you where grow the best mosses, orchids, and ferns, and, in short, to make you like



TOWER ON THE SOUTH CLIFF.

Tenby the more for the boons which nature offers so freely and so lavishly to the naturalist. Anybody will tell you where Jenkins lives, and you will as readily find his neighbour, the saddler, of whom you may hire horses or ponies; his name is—Jones! But that fact gives you little information, for it may be the name of every second man you meet. His son, a smart and intelligent lad, is his charioteer; he is not "amart" only, he is bright-eyed and clear-headed, and, though a lad, you are safe under his guidance, for well he knows every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

of the interest and beauty of which he has not only full knowledge, but also keen appreciation: a better guide you will not find; he will be sure to make you pause at every point of import. His store of legends, if not voluminous, is real; and, though without any botanical knowledge, when he found we admired the wild flowers that rendered the lanes a "*hortus siccus*," bewildering in their beautiful variety, he always stopped and gathered, with taste and skill, whatever we required. There is a close woody copse, about a mile from Tenby, of considerable extent, through which runs about the worst road to be found even in Wales; but it is over-arched at intervals by interlacing trees, with vistas, opening into strips of grassy meadow, or ponds rich in—

"The green mantle of the standing pool;"

it is a treasure-trove of wild flowers. We were greedy gatherers—still crying "More, more," but the boy, seeing those he had culled in such abundance already flagging beneath the sun's rays, said, "Please, ladies, you have specimens of all, and, I beg pardon, but isn't it almost a pity to cut any more off in their youth and beauty—for nothing!"

OUT-OF-DOORS AMUSEMENTS AND RECREATIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WHEN we consider the confined and dark character of most of the apartments of the feudal dwelling, we cannot be surprised if our mediæval forefathers loved the recreations which brought them into the open air. Castles and country mansions had always their gardens and pleasure grounds, which were much frequented by all the different branches of the household. The readers of Chaucer will remember the description of the "noble" knight January—

"Amonges other of his honest thinges,
He had a gardyn walled al with stoon,
So fair a gardyn wot I no wher noon."

It is implied, at least, that this garden was extensive, and—

"This noble knight, this January the olde,
Such deynté hath in it to walk and pleye,
That he wold no wight suffre bere the keye,
Save he himself."

CHAUCER, *The Marchaundes Tale*.

So, in the curious popular collection of mediæval stories, entitled the "Seven Sages," we are told of a rich burgher who

"Hadde, bihinden his paleys,
A fair gardin of nobleya,
Ful of appel-tres, and als (also) of plrie (pear-trees);
Foules songe therinne murie.
Amidward that gardyn fro,
So was (grew) a pinnote-tre,
That hadde fair bowes and frut;
Ther under was al his dedut (pleasure).
He made ther under a grene bench,
And drank ther under many a aschench (cupful)."

WEBER'S *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 23.

And again, in the same collection of stories, a prudent mother, counselling her daughter, tells her—

"Daughter, thi loved (lord) hath a gardin,
A wel fair ympe (young tree) is tharin;
A fair harbeth (arbour) hit overspredeth,
All his solas therinne he ledeth."

Ibid, p. 69.

In the "Frankelynes Tale," Chaucer tells how her friends sought to cure the melancholy of the Lady Dorigen:—

"They leden hire by rivers and by welles,
And eke in other places delighables;
They dauncen, and they play at ches and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe (morning) tide,
Unto a gardeyn that was ther beside,
In which that they had made her ordinance
Of vitalle, and of other purveance,
They gon and pleye hem al the longe day;
And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had painted with his softe schoures
This gardeyn ful of leves and floures;
And craft of mannes hond so curiously
Arrayed had this gardeyn trefwely,
That never was ther gardeyn of suche pris,
But if it were the verray paradys.
The odour of floures and the freshe siht
Wold han ymaked any herte light
That ever was born, but if to (too) gret sikenes
Or to gret sorwe held it in distresse,
So ful it was of beaute and plesaunce.
And after dinner gan thay to daunce,
And singe also."

In these extracts we have allusions to the practices of dancing and singing, of playing at chess and tables, of drinking, and even of dining, in the gardens. Our engraving (Fig. 1), taken from the romance of "Alexander," in the Bodleian Library, represents a garden scene, in which two royal personages are playing at chess. Dancing in the open air was a very common recreation, and is not unfrequently alluded to. In the "Roman de Geste," known by the title of "La Mort de Garin," a large dinner party is given in a garden—

"Les napes metent pardeanz un Jardin."

Mort de Garin, p. 28.

And, in the "Roman de Berte" (p. 4), Charles Martel, is represented as dining similarly in the garden, at the midsummer season, when the rose was in blossom.

"Entour le saint Jehan, que la rose est fleurie."

There is an early Latin story of a man who had a cross-grained wife. One day he invited some friends to dinner, and set out his table in his garden, by the side of a river (*fecit poni mensam in hortu suo prope aquam*). The lady seated herself by the water-side, at a little distance from the table,

and cast a very forbidding look upon her husband's guests; upon which he said to her, "Show a pleasant countenance to our guests, and come nearer the table;" but she only moved further off, and nearer the brink of the river, with her back turned

represents a party of ladies in the garden, gathering flowers, and making garlands. The love of flowers seems to have prevailed generally among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and affectionate allusions to them occur, not unfrequently, in the literary remains of



Fig. 1.—A MEDIEVAL GARDEN SCENE.

to the water. He repeated his invitation, in a more angry tone, in reply to which, to show her ill-humour, she drew further back, with a quick movement of ill-temper, through which, forgetting the nearness of the river, she fell into it, and was drowned. The husband, pretending great grief, sent for a boat, and proceeded up the stream in search of her body. This excited some surprise among his neighbours, who suggested to him that he should go down the stream, and not up. "Ah!"

that early period. In one of the Anglo-Saxon religious poems in the Exeter Book, the fragrance of flowers furnishes the poet with a comparison:—

"swecca swetast,
swylce on sumores tid
stinceth on stowum,
stathelum fæste,
wynnum æfter wongum,
wyrta gehlowene
hunig-flowende."

sweetest of odours,
such as in time of summer
send forth fragrance in places,
fast in their stations,
joyously over the plains,
plants in blossom
flowing with honey.

Exeter Book, p. 178.



Fig. 2.—LADIES MAKING GARLANDS.

said he, "you did not know my wife—she did everything in contradiction, and I firmly believe that her body has floated against the current, and not with it."

Even among the aristocratic class the garden was often the place for giving audience and receiving friends. In the romance of "Garin le Loherain," a messenger sent to the Count Fromont, one of the great barons, finds him sitting in a garden with his friends.

"Trouva Fromont seant en un Jardin;

Environ lui avoit de ses amins."

Roman de Garin, vol. i., p. 282.

A favourite occupation of the ladies in the middle ages was making garlands and chaplets of flowers. Our cut (Fig. 2), taken from a well-known manuscript in the British Museum, of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.),

And so again, in one of the riddles in the same manuscript (p. 423):—

"Ic eom on stence
strengre thonne ricels,
othre rosa sy,
on eorhtan tyrf
wynile weaxeth;
Ic eom wræstre thonne heo.
theah the lillie sy
leof mon-cynne,
beorht on blostman,
Ic eom betre thonne heo."

I am in odour
stronger than incense,
or the rose is,
which on earth's turf
grows pleasant;
I am more delicate than it.
Though that the lily be
dear to mankind,
bright in its blossom,
I am better than it.

Many of our old favourite garden-flowers are, I believe, derived from the Anglo-Saxon gardens. Proofs of a similar attachment to flowers might be quoted in abundance from the writings of the periods subsequent to the entrance of the Normans. The wearing of garlands or chaplets of flowers was a common practice with both sexes. In the romantic

history of the Fitzwarines, written in the thirteenth century, the hero, in travelling, meets a young

All these enjoyments naturally rendered the garden a favourite and important part of every



Fig. 3.—LADIES WALKING IN THE GARDEN.

knight who, in token of his joyous humour, carries | man's domestic establishment; during the warmer



Fig. 4.—A PROMENADE SCENE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

a chaplet of flowers on his head. In the later | months of the year, it was a chosen place of resort, English romance of the "Squier of Lowe Degree," especially after dinner. In the romance of "Garin



Fig. 5.—ROUSING GAME.

when the "squier" was preparing to do his office of carver in the hall—

"There he araised him in scarlet red,
And set a chaplet upon his hed;
A belle about his sydes two,
With brod barres to and fro."

Garlands of flowers were also the common rewards for success in the popular games.

le Loherain," Begues is represented as descending from his palace, after dinner, to walk with his fair wife Beatrice in his garden.

"En son palais fu Begues de Belin;
Après mangier entra en un jardin,
Avec lui fu la belle Bistria."

Roman de Garin, vol. II. p. 97.

In another part of the same romance, Begues de

Belin and his barons, on rising from the table, went to seek recreation in the fields.

"Quant mangié ont et beu à loisir,
Les napes ostent, et en près sunt sailli."

Ibid, vol. I. p. 293.

The manuscript in the British Museum, from which we took our last illustration, furnishes the accompanying representation of a group of ladies walking in the garden, and gathering flowers (Fig. 3).

In the "Ménagier de Paris," compiled about the year 1393, its author, addressing his young wife, treats briefly of the behaviour of a woman when she is walking out, and especially when passing along the streets of a town, or going to church. "As you go," he says, "look straight before you, with your eye-lids low and fixed, looking forward to the ground, at five toises (thirty feet) before you, and not looking at, or turning your eyes, to man or woman who may be to your right or left, nor looking upwards, nor changing your look from one place to another, nor laughing, nor stopping to speak to anybody in the street" (vol. i. p. 15). It must be confessed that this is, in some points, rather hard counsel for a lady to follow; but it is consistent with the general system of formalities of behaviour in the middle ages, upon which the ladies gladly took their revenge when removed from constraint. When two or more persons walked together, it was the custom to hold each other by the hands, not to walk arm-in-arm, which appears to be a very modern practice. In the romance of "Ogier le Danois," the Emperor and Ogier, when reconciled, are thus represented, walking in a friendly manner hand in hand. The ladies in our last engraving are walking in this manner; and in our next (Fig. 4), taken from a copy given in M. du Sommerard's "Album," from a manuscript in the library of the arsenal at Paris, written and illuminated for a prince of the house of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, the lords and ladies of a noble or princely household are represented as walking out in the same manner. It is well-known that the court of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, offered the model of strict etiquette. This illustration gives us a very good picture of a street scene of the period to which it belongs. The height of gentility, however, at least, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, seems to have been to hold the lady by the finger only. It is in this manner that, in the romance of "Ogier le Danois," the hero holds the Princess Gloriande.

"Donques enmainne le bon Danois Ogier,
E Gloriande, qui par le doit le tient."
Roman d'Ogier, p. 110.

So, in the romance of "La Violette," at the festivities given by the king, the guests "distributed themselves in couples in the hall (i. e. a gentleman with a lady), one taking the other by the finger, and so they arranged themselves two and two."

"Quant il orent assés deduit,
Par la sale s'acointent tuit;
Li uns prent l'autre par le dol,
Si s'arangierent dol et dol."

Roman de la Violette, p. 10.

As a mark of great familiarity, two princes, Pepin's

son, Charles, and the Duke Namies, are represented in the romance of Ogier as one, Charles, holding his hand on the duke's shoulder, while the duke held him by his mantle, as they walked along; they were going to church together:—

"Kallies sa main li tint desus l'espaule;
Namies tint lui par le mantel de palis."
Roman de Ogier, p. 143.

The ladies often engaged in exercises out-of-doors of a more active kind than those described above. Hawking was certainly a favourite diversion with them, and they not only accompanied the gentlemen

same manner as at the present day, but in hawking on the river, where dogs were of course less effective, other means were adopted. In a manuscript already quoted in the present paper (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.), of

pleadings (courts of justice), and among people to the churches, and in other assemblies, and in the streets, and to hold it day and night as continually as possible; and sometimes to perch it in the streets, that it may see people, horses, carts, dogs, and become acquainted with all things. The annexed engraving, Fig. 7, taken from the same manuscript last quoted (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.), represents a lady tending her hawks, which are seated on their "perche."

The author of the "*Ménager de Paris*," a little farther on than the place last quoted (p. 311), goes on to say, "At the end of the month of September, and after, when hawking of quails and partridges is over, and even in winter, you may hawk at magpies, at jackdaws, at teal, which are in river, or others . . . at blackbirds, thrushes, jays, and woodcocks; and for this purpose you may carry a bow and a bolt, in order that, when the blackbird takes shelter in a bush, and dare not quit it for the hawk which hovers over and watches it, the lady or damsel who knows how to shoot may kill it with the bolt." The manuscript which has furnished us with the preceding illustrations gives us the accompanying sketch (Fig. 8) of a lady shooting with her bolt, or *boujon* (as it was termed in French), an arrow with a large head, for striking birds; but in this instance she is aiming not at birds, but at rabbits. Archery was also a favourite recreation with the ladies in the middle ages, and it no doubt is in itself an extremely good exercise, in a gymnastic point of view. The fair shooters seem to have employed bolts more frequently than the sharp-headed arrows; but there is no want of examples in the illuminated manuscripts in which females are represented as using the sharp-headed arrow, and sometimes they are seen shooting at deer. We learn from Leland's "*Collectanea*," (vol. iv. p. 278), that when the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VIII., was on her way to Scotland, a hunting-party was got up for her in the park at Alnwick, and that she killed a buck with an arrow. Similar feats were at times performed by Queen Elizabeth; but she seems to have preferred the cross-bow to the long-bow. The scene represented in our cut, Fig. 9, is from the same manuscript; the relative proportions of the dog and the rabbit seem to imply a satirical aim.

I fear the fact cannot be concealed that the ladies of former days assisted not unfrequently at pastimes much rougher, and less feminine, than these. There



Fig. 6.—FOLLOWING THE HAWK.

to this sport, but ladies alone frequently engaged in it. It would appear that on such occasions the ladies were in the habit of riding astride their horses—at least, so they are commonly represented in the illu-



Fig. 7.—A LADY AND HER HAWKS.

minations of manuscripts. The favourite hawking of the ladies, however, appears to have been that of herons and water-fowl; and this was called going to

the beginning of the fourteenth century, a group of ladies hawking on the banks of a river are accompanied by a man, perhaps the falconer, who makes a noise to rouse the water-fowl. Our cut, Fig. 5, is taken from a very interesting manuscript of the fourteenth century, made for the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, and now preserved in the library of the British Museum (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.); it is part of a scene in which ladies are hawking on a river, and a female is rousing the water-fowl with a drum, or rather with a tabour. The fountain is one of those conventional objects by which the medieval artist indicated a spring, or running stream. This seems to have been a very common method of rousing the game; and it is represented in one of the carved seats, or misereres (as they have been termed technically), in Gloucester Cathedral, which is copied in our cut, Fig. 6. The tending of the hawks used in these diversions was no little occupation in the medieval household, and was the subject of no little study; they were cherished with minutions care, and carried about familiarly on the wrist in all places and under all sorts of circumstances. It was a common practice, indeed, to go to church with the hawk on the wrist. One of the early French poets, Gace de la Buigne, who wrote, in the middle of the fourteenth century, a metrical treatise on hunting, advises his readers to carry their



Fig. 8.—LADIES SHOOTING RABBITS.

the river (*aller en rivière*), and was very commonly pursued on foot. It may be mentioned that the fondness of the ladies for the diversion of hawking is alluded to in the twelfth century by John of Salisbury. The hawking on the river, indeed, seems

hawks with them wherever there were assemblies of people, whether in churches or elsewhere.

"La où les gens sont amassés,
Sont en l'église, ou autre part."

This is explained more fully by the author of the

can be no doubt that they were customary spectators of the baiting of bulls and bears. Henry VIII.'s two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, witnessed this coarse amusement, as we are assured by contemporary writers, with great satisfaction. The scene repre-



Fig. 9.—THE LADY AT THE RABBIT-WARREN.

to have been that particular branch of the sport which gave most pleasure to all classes, and it is that which is especially represented in the drawings in the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. Dogs were commonly used in hawking to rouse the game in the

"*Ménager de Paris* (vol. ii. p. 296), who wrote especially for the instruction of his wife and of the female members of his family. "At this point of falconry," he says, "it is advisable more than ever to hold the hawk on the wrist, and to carry it to the



Fig. 10.—BAITING THE BEAR.

sented in our cut (Fig. 10), which is copied from one of the carved seats, of the fourteenth century, in Gloucester Cathedral, is chiefly remarkable for the small degree of energy—the quiet dignity, in fact—displayed by the actors in it.

BALLAD LITERATURE.*

It is one thing to be a popular song-writer, it is another thing to be a true one: no very difficult task is it to sit down and put a few common-place sentimental ideas into measure and rhyme, which,

by the aid of some skilful and popular *maestro* of melody, find their way into every fashionable drawing-room and boudoir, for the gratification, but not the edification, of young ladies just entered into society, or preparing to "come out." With such song-writing the music-shops had been teeming for many years, till the public taste had become



vitiated, and an invitation to a *thé chantant* was, if accepted, a voluntary surrendering oneself to an ordeal which few lovers of genuine music, incorporated with genuine and healthy poetry, cared to pass through. Too much of this kind of composi-

tion, both poetry and music, is still produced, but yet a vast change for the better is apparent; induced, strengthened, and confirmed, as this change undoubtedly is, by the success of the numerous musical societies that have lately come into exist-



ence, and whose performances, extending to the highest grades of composition, have taught the

* THE COLLECTED SONGS OF CHARLES MACKAY. With Illustrations by John Gilbert. Published by Routledge and Co., London.

people what is good, and to admire that which is good. The lyric writings of Mrs. Hemans, of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, of Barry Cornwall, Longfellow, of Dr. Mackay, and others, have tended to rescue our ballad literature from entire degradation, and

will, undoubtedly, be the means, eventually, of elevating it to the position it should occupy in a country so distinguished as our own for its literary attainments. The songs of a nation, be it remembered, have always been considered as one of the most manifest expressions of its feelings, thoughts, and desires; and have often been found to possess a mighty influence upon its destinies and its actions: a song has incited a city to revolution, it has nerved an army for victory; a song of praise has raised a thousand hearts into glad adoration; a dirge of mourning has hushed a multitude into motionless silence. With what exquisite pathos has the great lyric poet of the ancient Hebrew nation expressed in a few lines the captive condition of the people:—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hunged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Dr. Mackay, whose recently published volume of collected songs has called forth these prefatory remarks, is not only a popular, he is also a prolific writer: under the respective titles of "Voices from the Crowd," "Voices from the Mountains," "Town Lyrics," &c., he has, during the last ten or twelve years, published in the various journals with which he has been connected, a very large number of lyrics, many of which the world will not willingly allow to die. He has been called "the poet of the people," and undoubtedly his writings are, generally, of that kind which is most likely to find acceptance with that portion of the people who can appreciate honest, manly sentiments expressed in sound, honest language. Dr. Mackay is not a boudoir poet, nor does he assume to be one; he has written for the cottage rather than for the mansion; his songs generally require the accompaniment of the "loud-swalling organ," not the soft breathings of the harp strings: his aim has been, as he says, "to make song the vehicle for the inculcation of virtue, of self-reliance, of patriotism, of manly and womanly tenderness, of true love, and of all the charities, courtesies, and amenities of life." This is the legitimate task of the true song-writer, and certainly Dr. Mackay rarely fails in coming up to the prescribed standard. But he is not always consistent with his avowed principles; here, for example, in a song called "The Gin Fiend," the sin and misery of intemperance are shown in a few powerfully-written, dramatic stanzas; while in another, entitled "Mountain Dew," illustrated by one of the engravings here introduced, the whisky-still of Scotland finds an advocate in the following lines:—

"Mountain Dew! clear as a Scot's understanding,
Pure as his conscience wherever he goes,
Warm as his heart to the friend he has chosen,
Strong as his arm when he fights with his foes!
In liquor like this should old Scotland be toasted,
So fill up again, and the pledge we'll renew,
Long flourish the honour
Her children have won her:—
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!"

A single glass of Glenlivet, "pure, warm, and strong," as it is, to drink "Scotland for ever," would scarcely meet with an objection, except from a tee-totaler; but an exhortation to "fill up again," is only to invite the Whisky Fiend, as hideous a monster, we suspect, as the Gin Fiend. In the songs called "The Wines," and "The Barley and the Hop," the praises of intoxicating drinks are sung, though in less hilarious terms than in "Mountain Dew."

The volume contains upwards of two hundred of these short poems, a large proportion of which have never been published till now: if Dr. Mackay has not the rich, passionate imagination of Moore, nor the strong, impulsive, poetical feeling of Burns, he has sufficient of both to make his songs pleasant reading: their moral and social teachings are, except in the instance pointed out, unexceptionable: and, when he goes to the world of nature for a theme, his descriptions evidence a simple, yet true and appreciating, sense of its beauties. Mr. Gilbert has enriched the book, which is carefully printed and "got up," with several woodcuts, of which we introduce two examples.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.*

It has been the undeviating aim of the *Art-Journal* to encourage and sustain, by every means at its disposal, that elevated department of the art of engraving which has been so largely instrumental in extending the knowledge and appreciation of the British School; and which has been the means, often under circumstances of great discouragement, of augmenting the fame and perpetuating the works of our most eminent English painters. We should ill-discharge our duty, if we omitted to welcome, with more than ordinary warmth, a production of so important a character, as the really great work which we have now the satisfaction to introduce to our readers. We allude to the magnificent translation, by Mr. J. H. Watt, of Sir Charles Eastlake's noble picture of "Christ Blessing Little Children;" one of the finest, and, we fear we must add, the last, of the many fine transcripts for which we stand indebted to the liberal enterprise, and discriminating intelligence, of Sir Francis Graham Moon; who, having been precluded, by his retirement from business (he is now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* he has so richly earned), from publishing it himself, has been replaced in the undertaking by Messrs. Day and Son, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the present proprietors of the plate. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without bearing our testimony to what we believe to be a very general feeling among artists and lovers of Art, in regard to the services which have been rendered by Sir Francis Moon to the English School of painting and engraving, and the liberality he has uniformly displayed towards those who have been engaged in carrying out his great and usually most successful speculations. That they have been appreciated and rewarded in the highest quarters would afford us no excuse for overlooking them in a journal especially devoted to the interests he has done so much to promote, and we have accordingly the most sincere gratification in availing ourselves of the completion of one of the greatest of his undertakings, to offer him the tribute to which he is so peculiarly entitled at our hands. When we refer to the long list of noble works for which we stand indebted to his enterprise and good taste, and which includes many of the master-pieces of the most eminent painters and engravers of his time, we may fairly be allowed to congratulate him on the enviable position he has attained, and to express our hope that he may have left behind him successors who, by imitating his liberality to the painter and engraver, and emulating the soundness of his judgment in the selection of their subjects, may entitle themselves to similar honours, and earn in due time as cordial a testimony at our hands.

Sir Charles Eastlake's picture represents one of the most touching and impressive incidents in the history of Our Saviour; that in which he is described as receiving and "blessing little children." Of the well-known versions of this most beautiful incident, recorded by three of the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, Sir Charles has preferred that of Mark, as being the amplest and most susceptible of felicitous pictorial illustration. Inferring from the previous exhortations of Christ to his disciples, that he would hardly, without some special and accidental cause, have rebuked those who had brought their children into his presence, and presuming, from the words of St. Mark, "And when He was gone forth into the way," &c., that the reception was held, not in the open air, but in an interior, Sir Charles adopts the supposition that some such cause may have existed; and has treated the subject as if St. Peter's resistance to the entrance of some of the later applicants for admission arose less from a disposition to exclude them altogether, than to prevent, for the moment, the entrance of an inconvenient number into the room. The treatment of the subject, suggested by this very natural interpretation, is not only altogether new, but averts the necessity for interfering, in the slightest degree, with the perfect harmony and tranquillity that may

be presumed to have pervaded a scene of which divine compassion, love, faith, gratitude, and veneration, must have been the unalloyed characteristics. Mothers with their children, of various ages, are gathered around the Saviour, in every variety of attitude; and Peter, perceiving that others are pressing for admission, is gently closing the door, until room shall be found for the newcomers; when the memorable injunction is addressed to him, by One who could, at will, create space for any number of children that might flock to Him for his blessing. Surely this interpretation, which is nowhere contradicted by the Evangelists, is most consonant with the prevailing characteristics of the scene.

The general arrangement of the light and shadow, or *chiaroscuro*, of the picture, would seem to favour an illusion that the composition is lit up by the radiance emanating from the head of Christ; but without violating the truth of the individual light and shade, proceeding from an unseen source, on the side indicated by the direction of the shadows. Sir Charles Eastlake has, more than once, enunciated a principle which may fairly be said to be the only philosophical method of treating a truthful representation of nature; namely, that there is a point in Art at which the natural truth must not be too closely approached. Thus, in this composition, the parts are not modelled with that microscopic imitation which we should commend in an academical study, but rather in accordance with the principle that the general truth of imitation is the end which it is most desirable to achieve. The "little children" may be said to be mere accessories; and the passionless character of a child's countenance would seem to justify such a mode of treatment. Depth of expression can only be traced in the faces of adults; and thus the various emotions created by the subject are here, with perfect propriety, exhibited in, and almost confined to the heads of the mothers, who appear, at a first glance, to destroy the *oneness* of sentiment which it seems to have been desirable to preserve to Christ and the little children. But the emotion conveyed in the heads of the mothers, directs us at once to the *cause*; and thus the unity of feeling is maintained, and even strengthened, by what might otherwise have subsided into a monotony of insatiable sweetness. The confiding reverence of the mother with her child in her arms, who is in the act of presenting it to the Saviour, has scarcely been surpassed by any painter, ancient or modern. The reverential and imploring expression of the mother with her infant, and a somewhat older child by her side (with the sacrificial doves in his hand, indicative of her thankfulness for her recovery from "the great pain and peril of childbirth"), supports the *oneness* of sentiment of the subject by referring us to the central point as the *cause*. The expression of this head contrasts most effectively with that of the woman on the left hand of Christ already referred to, and varies the emotion arising from the subject. The tenderness with which she holds her infant, and the unwillingness with which she is turning from the door that Peter is reluctantly closing upon her, (for she is evidently unconscious of the divine injunction which authorises her in remaining) is most pathetically depicted; and contrasts beautifully with the joyous child by her side, who is evidently communicating to other candidates for admission behind him, the substance of the divine command. Scarcely less charming, although of another order of beauty, is the face, radiant with exultation and thankfulness, of the mother, who, kneeling with her two children circled by her arms, has heard the blessed injunction, and has turned her head towards those who are about to be repulsed from the door, for the purpose of communicating to them the soothing expressions of Christ's sympathy and compassion, which she has been among the first to receive. Here, again, the emotion is varied by the mother on the right hand of Christ, who, with clasped hands, is enforcing upon her child (standing by His knee) the necessity of prayer. This general reference to the central cause is urged with increasing force by the woman in a white dress, who has just delivered her little girl to the protecting arm of Christ, and who is kneeling beside him in an attitude expressive of the deepest veneration and gratitude. It may, perhaps, be objected that the air and costume of this interesting figure have a more modern character than

seems to accord with the period and the scene; but, however this may be, they will be found to assist importantly the general object of the composition; which is further promoted by the respective impersonations of the apostles, especially of Peter, whose attempt to close the door (albeit with no appearance of harshness) is arrested by the command of his divine Master; and whose movement is evidently not of a character to disturb the prevailing sentiment of the picture. Nor must we overlook the expository attitude of the elder of the two boys on the right-hand side of the picture, who appeals from Peter to the significant gesture of the Saviour; or the grateful expression and prayerful attitude of his younger brother, who had well-nigh been excluded altogether;—both of them assisting to direct attention to Christ as the *point d'appui* of the composition. The impersonation of Christ (rendered more touching and effective by the beautiful child in his lap, that is nestling to his side) is, as might have been anticipated, the great triumph of the composition, and to this centre of attraction both the painter and engraver would seem to have devoted their most earnest and anxious attention with the happiest results. The head of Christ is the *beau idéal* of physical and intellectual beauty, whilst the expression, attitude, and gesture, leave nothing to be desired. He is in the act of uttering those memorable words which have brought consolation, joy, and thankfulness to mothers of all time. It has been the cardinal defect of most of the pictures, ancient as well as modern, that have been founded on salient passages of the life and ministry of Christ, that they have failed sometimes most lamentably to realise to any reasonable apprehension, those attributes, divine and human, which must of necessity have characterised the physiognomy, the figure, and even the gestures of the great Founder of our Faith. Many pictures, however admirable in other respects, have thus been rendered comparatively distasteful by the inability of the painter to approach the Godhead, if we may be permitted so to express ourselves, of his subject. Of the many acceptable phases of this divinity of countenance and action, Sir Charles Eastlake appears to us to have selected those which are most likely to be universally felt and understood, and which indicate the compassionate love of Christ for the most helpless order of beings within the grand scope of His beneficence. The qualities with which this head has been invested by the painter, are those which should enter into every attempt to impersonate the human affections and superhuman attributes of Christ. The lesson taught by this beautiful and affecting composition, is one that cannot fail to be understood and appreciated. The painter, and his careful and conscientious reflector—the engraver—are here teachers of a lesson more impressive than could be afforded by any written homily. They present us with a picture for the fireside, which, whilst it realises all the higher qualities of pictorial art, reminds us, from hour to hour, of those great and immutable truths which form the basis of our faith, and which cannot be more forcibly represented than by an incident in which the compassionate feeling of the Saviour for the most helpless and innocent of our species is thus pathetically rendered.

This most touching, and, may we add, instructive picture has been translated into black and white in a spirit not unworthy of its great and varied merits. Brilliant and effective as a print, and carrying out the leading principle of the painter to its fullest extent, it has an intrinsic interest which brings it home to the "business and bosoms" of us all; and as a decoration for the cabinet or the drawing-room, in which "more is meant than meets the eye," it seems likely to obtain, even in the present depressed state of the art of line-engraving, a very large acceptance.

Having dwelt at so much length upon the *subject* we have left ourselves barely sufficient space for such an exposition of the technical qualities of the plate as might afford something like a key to its merits and peculiarities.

The effect in the picture is concentrated upon Christ and the child in his lap by his red robe, which is rendered still more striking by the mass of complementary colour, a pearly green, which everywhere surrounds it and contrasts with it, and which in a greater or less degree pervades the entire composition. This concentration of the effect upon the

* Painted by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. Engraved by James Henry Watt. Published by Day & Son, London.

the wheel after the distribution of the Prize Pictures."

YORK.—The sixteenth annual meeting of those interested in the York School of Art took place on the 9th of June, when Lord Teignmouth was called to the chair. Mr. Swallow, head master of the school, in addressing the meeting, said,—"If the number of pupils had not increased so fast as those who had the immediate management of the school could have wished, they could not help feeling pleasure that the increase had always, under the present management, been greater each successive anniversary. But the most satisfactory test of the advancement towards success was to be found in the annual examination of the school by the Government inspector. The facts proved the steady progress of the York School of Art, and gave promise of still more important results in future." The report and accounts showed that the receipts for the past sessional year had amounted to £246 8s. 4d., and the expenditure, including a balance of £24 2s., due to the treasurer, to £256 10s. 1d., leaving a balance of £10 1s. 8d. against the school.

GLASGOW.—The local papers state that the bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, subscribed for some years since by a number of Glasgow gentlemen, will soon be erected in its place, at the north-west corner of George Square; workmen are already employed in fixing the pedestal, which is of granite, and will be twelve feet in height. The statue, cast from a model by Mr. J. Mossman, is nine feet high, and represents the statesman in the usual conventional attitude, that of addressing the "House," with a roll of paper in his hand.

TAUNTON.—We are pleased to learn that the School of Art here has maintained its high and honourable position during the past year, under the able superintendence of Mr. J. B. Williamson, who has just received an appointment on the staff of masters at the Training College, Kensington Museum. As the result of the examination by her Majesty's inspectors, held in May last, twenty-one local medals, and nearly one hundred other prizes, have been awarded, the latter being a considerable increase on the number of last year. On Monday, the 6th of June, a meeting of the students and some of the promoters of the school was held, to take a farewell of Mr. Williamson before leaving, and to present him with a handsome gold watch and chain, together with an address on vellum, signed by all the pupils, expressive of their "high appreciation of his uniform kindness and unwearied diligence as their teacher, and while deeply regretting his departure, assuring him of their best wishes for his health and happiness." Mr. Williamson acknowledged the gift in feeling terms, and afterwards, on behalf of the pupils of the evening classes, presented a portfolio of drawings, executed by them, to the Rev. W. A. Jones, and a valuable box of water-colours to Mr. Blizard, the Hon. Secretaries, "as a slight mark of their respect and esteem, and in remembrance of their exertions to promote the interests of that institution."

LIVERPOOL.—A lecture on perspective drawing, and its application to pictorial art, was delivered here, on the 26th of May, by Mr. S. Burkinshaw. It was illustrated by numerous diagrams, models, and a selection of engravings. The subject is not of a character to draw a large audience, but it is, nevertheless, one of interest, and was rendered so, on the present occasion, by the clear and simple explanations of the lecturer.

YARMOUTH.—The prizes awarded by the Government inspector to the pupils of the Yarmouth School of Art, were presented to the successful candidates, on the 3rd of June, by the Mayor, Mr. R. Steward, in the Town Hall; fifteen medals, and eighty other prizes, were awarded. The number of pupils in the central school, during the past year, was 150, and in the public schools 850.

BILSTON.—An exhibition of works of Art was opened last month, at the St. Leonard's New Schools, Bilston, the proceeds of which are intended for the benefit of the schools. The Earl of Dartmouth, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., the Mayor of Wolverhampton, and other individuals of influence in the neighbourhood, have aided in the formation of the exhibition, and attended the inauguration.

LEEDS.—A subscription having been raised for erecting a statue in Leeds to the memory of the late Mr. Robert Hall, formerly M.P. of the town, and Recorder of Doncaster, a meeting of the subscribers was recently held to consider the design submitted to them by Mr. D. Lee, of Leeds, which it was determined at the meeting should be accepted. The statue is to be executed in white marble, and, when completed, is to be presented to the corporation for the Victoria Hall. The figure, of colossal size, represents the learned member in his robes of office as Recorder, as he appeared when presenting an address from the Corporation to the Queen.

PURITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE.

FLAXMAN, in one of his lectures on sculpture, makes this distinction between the natural style and the ideal; he says, "The natural style may be defined thus:—a representation of the human form, according to the distinction of sex and age, in action or repose, expressing the affections of the soul. The same words may be used to define the ideal style, but they must be followed by this addition: *selected from such perfect examples as may excite in our minds a conception of the preternatural.* By these definitions it will be understood that the natural style is peculiar to humanity, and the ideal to spirituality and divinity." This may be correct reasoning if applied only to the works to which especially Flaxman means it to refer, the sculptures of the Greek and Roman deities, on the one hand, and those that symbolize or represent what he calls "the affections of the soul" on the other. But we frequently meet with examples of the sculptor's art which are intended to combine, or should actually combine, the two qualities; such, for instance, as that wherein a divine essence, or character, pervades the human form into which it is moulded. The latter—that is, the form—may, however beautiful, offer nothing more to our thoughts than the perishing frame-work of mortality—the image of clay, which we feel every storm of life is shaking, and every year is hastening to its final destruction; the former—the divine essence—associates it in the mind with another order of beings, with a spiritualism, and, therefore, with a state of existence which has no end; in the combination the particular characteristic, or quality, of the divine nature stands forth in a garment not its own, it is borrowed from a world that is not ours, and will not be till "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and we "are changed."

Without entering upon any metaphysical discussion, it may be assumed that what Flaxman terms "the affections of the soul" include those which spring from the feelings of the heart, or the desires of the mind: pride, envy, hatred, revenge, and all other vices which arise up within us, no less than the feelings of love, peace, gentleness, purity, and others, that St. Paul denominates "fruits of the spirit." Now, the sculptor, and the painter too, who would represent in his work any one of the former has, most assuredly, a more difficult task to perform than he who undertakes to embody or personify any one of the latter; and the reason is obvious. It is, as many probably may think, taking a very low estimate of human nature, to say that it has, generally, a direct tendency to evil; nevertheless such a theory is commonly accepted as truth; and if so, the passions which most assimilate to our nature, are just those which the artist finds it the easiest to represent—all others come under Flaxman's definition of "ideal," or "preternatural;" they are foreign to us, and, therefore, our conception of them is generally imperfect and inadequate; while, moreover, as they often admit of no especial action or motive, and are solely dependant upon simple expression as the representative of character, the medium by which the artist would convey his meaning, any treatment of his work which falls short of the intention, however ideal it may be, does not suggest the ideas we desire to have brought before us.

Purity is just one of those abstract propositions, so to speak, which is not easy to personify. It is an attribute of character that, in the absence of cause or motive, as in a single sculptured figure, takes no substantive form, and realises no idea which would not be equally applicable to some one or other "cardinal virtue." The representation must combine the natural and the ideal; grace of form and simplicity of expression appear to be the essential qualities demanded of the sculptor, and these Mr. Noble, in the figure here engraved, seems to have realized, far more successfully too, it may be added, than we could have expected from him, seeing that the majority of his works, and those by which he is best known, are portrait sculptures of men. His "Purity," holding a lily in her hand for a symbol, is, however, a refined and elegant example of Mr. Noble's ability to grapple with a subject in which the spiritualism of Art and its poetical feeling enter largely.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

ART-UNIONS.

SIR,—In these days of Art-Unions and Art-lotteries, a little discussion may sometimes be of service, and in the hope that my humble suggestion may not be too summarily cast aside, I beg to suggest, that instead of such gigantic plates being engraved for the subscribers, as the London and the Glasgow Art-Unions have just produced, would it not be better to have smaller engravings, to suit rooms of ordinary dimensions?—the difference in cost being made up by the highest possible excellence in the engraving of the plate.

I am induced to mention this, as I am constantly told that the cost of framing, on the one hand, and not having any room for hanging such huge plates, as well as the costliness of a portfolio large enough to contain them, all combine to deter many people from subscribing; and it is only in the hope that the usefulness of these societies may not be impaired that I now inflict this letter on your readers.

Would not the example of the Crystal Palace, in giving other works of Art besides plain engravings, such as good statuettes, or good chromo-lithography, be a change and "consummation devoutly to be wished."

June, 1859.

AN ART-UNION AGENT.

[The complaint of our correspondent is one we have ourselves frequently made; we know the magnitude of the engravings deters many from subscribing.—Ed. A.-J.]

THE "VICTORY" OF MAROCHETTI.

In justice to the Baron Marochetti, we give publicity to a letter addressed by him to the *Times*. We have treated this subject so often that it is needless to do so again.

SIR,—Will you have the goodness to allow me a little of your valuable space for a few words of explanation on the statue at present exhibited in Apsley House garden, as they seem to be called for by some articles and letters in the public papers? This statue is a part of my design for the monument to the late Duke of Wellington when it was to be placed against one of the pillars supporting the cupola of St. Paul's. It was my intention to represent Victory sitting on the steps of the door of the tomb, bidding adieu to her favourite son, and taking back the sword which she had lent him,—this is the statue now exhibited, and, though prepared for a peculiar site, a change of position in the figure will adapt it to any other. Had St. Paul's been opened to any artists except those selected by Lord John Manners, I should have exhibited a full-sized model there, and I have accepted with gratitude the Duke of Wellington's kind permission to place this statue in his garden, in order to give publicity to a work which I should be sorry to destroy or to bury in a corner without trying to gain some credit by it, and endeavouring to show that my pretensions to the honour of executing in England a great national monument were not founded on absurd vanity, and were not disappointed in consequence of any want of exertion on my part. I have been a candidate for the monument to the Duke of Wellington from the day it was decided that such a monument should be erected. I did not take part in the competition proposed by Sir William Molesworth, which was to have been confined to Messrs. Gibson, Foley, Baily, and myself, or in the general one opened by Sir B. Hall, mainly because in both cases the model was to be small. From such models the effect of the real monument cannot be fairly anticipated. They are good for recollection, not for suggestion; the use of them is mischievous to the pursuit of sculpture as a profession. Only a model of the full size will enable the Government and the public to judge what the monument will be when completed, and thus to understand what they are invited to accept or refuse. A further objection to Sir B. Hall's competition was that the site was to be under one of the arches of the nave. I thought it a bad choice, as it would have suggested either that the monument was placed there temporarily, or that the church was unfinished as long as every other arch was unprovided with a monument of the same importance. My refusal, I think, justified by the results. The design pronounced to be the best by the judges, is not to be executed, and the monument is not to be placed under one of the arches. I do not complain that Lord John Manners neither visited my design nor even sent for my plans. As he has selected other artists, it is better for me that my design has not been seen, and consequently has not been rejected.

MAROCCHETTI.



PURITY.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE.

LONDON: JAMES S. MINTER.

principal figure by means of the red drapery—simple enough with the aid of powerful colour and its complementary associate—must have formed the great difficulty of the engraver, for reasons which we will endeavour to explain. The contrast of colour between red and its complementary hue, a pearly green, can only be rendered in engraving by a contrast of width and closeness of lines, which, in black and white, produces but a faint representation of a contrast of colours. The words brightness and obscurity, in engraving, represent colour and its complementary hue, and this contrast can only be produced by a difference in the width between the lines. The proper management of the interstices between the lines produces that appearance of internal light which distinguishes a line from a mezzotint engraving. The red drapery of the Saviour is intersected by the head and neck of the kneeling mother and the child on his lap, and serves as a background to relieve them; and thus this red drapery acts both as a light and a dark; light upon the mass of complementary colour of the background, and dark behind the child and the face of the mother. The flesh of the child is necessarily of a deeper tone than the white dress of the mother, which is itself not absolutely white, and this great difficulty of the engraver may be regarded as the key-note of this grand pictorial composition. The red attracts the eye to the principal figure, and presents a brilliant contrast to the complementary hue which surrounds it, and yet acts as a shadow colour to the flesh of the child: this effect could only be rendered by lines deep enough and broad enough to hold the ink requisite to produce the dark colour, with interstices sufficiently wide to give the requisite quantity of white light; thus making it dark by the broad and deep lines, and light by the broad and white interstices. These lines on Christ's drapery are not flowing, but are broken up and crossed, so as to produce a scintillating tint, to contrast with the smooth and close work which represents the complementary hue. The contrast also gives smoothness to the flesh tints.

A great object in an engraving of this importance is to avoid the appearance of what is technically called greasiness in the flesh, which destroys its luminous effect: again, too much smoothness and roundness is apt to give to flesh the appearance of ivory; defects which it demands no slight care and dexterity to avoid. Finish must always be decided by the size of the print and the effect of the composition. Sometimes it is indispensably necessary, at others it is, in some respects, impertinent. Each head, hand, and foot, in the print before us, appears to have been finished with reference to its place in the *chiaroscuro*, although not always as elaborately as if the groups had been separate subjects of the same size. Thus the foot of Christ is engraved with coarser dots than his face, in order to harmonise with the coarse work on the lower part of his dress. The hand of the kneeling mother in white is engraved with coarser dots than her neck, in order to produce a darker colour than her dress, which is not mere white paper; doubtless to prevent it from appearing *chalky* against the black drapery of the principal figure. But the still coarser dots on the cloaks of the boys who have just entered the room, give a value to the flesh which it could not otherwise have possessed. The coarse work of the garment of the girl who is presenting the rose appears to have been introduced for the express purpose of throwing up the group of which the figure of Our Saviour is the principal, and its broad and deep lines hold ink enough to give it colour. The interstices give it sufficient light to connect it with the tint of the lower part of Christ's robe, the direction of which it continues, and is itself carried upwards by the coarse texture of the apostle's garment, whose deepened dots give value to those upon his face. The coarse dots of this apostle's head render it sufficiently shadowy for its subordinate place in the picture, whilst the interstices between them have the effect of separating it from the background and shadow cast upon the head of the apostle. The same principle seems to have been pursued throughout. It would have been worse than idle to have engraved any particular group as if it were an independent subject, every part having to be studied with reference to its particular place in the *chiaroscuro*. If, for example, the group of the mother with her two children had been a sepa-

rate subject, and not a part of a composition of several similar groups, it might have been more elaborately engraved; but had it been carried further in the present composition, it would, besides entailing enormous additional labour, have impaired very sensibly the effect of the whole.

Nothing can be more masterly than the execution of almost all the heads throughout the picture. Not only is the description of work the best that could have been introduced for the purpose, but the effect is all that could have been desired; broad, as the size of the plate demands that it should be, but brilliant without being inharmonious; every part having apparently been studied with a view to the general effect and integrity of the whole. At a first glance, the breadth of the work on the garments of the two apostles on the left, and of the two children on the right, would seem to be excessive; but after a few moments contemplation, all the component parts appear to harmonise and to fall into their proper places, and the eye soon finds repose in the smooth tints of the mass of light which sweeps through the centre of the composition. Indeed, these broader and coarser parts of the work make the flesh tints appear even softer than they really are. The coarse dots on the scarf of the boy on the right side of the picture, to which a fastidious eye might possibly object, hold sufficient ink to throw the head behind them into light, and the cornuscation of large white interstices between them preserves its character of light upon the background. The broad and deep work on the cloak is carried down by a similar process, though by a different texture, into the tunics of these two boys, and separates the group from the background and figures by a glittering tint, which gives repose to the tone that sweeps through the centre of the picture. This coarse work is repeated on the other side of the composition, in the garment of the boy at the knee of Christ, on whose arm, by the way, the depth of the shadow creates an impression, which vanishes on a closer inspection, of imperfect drawing. The flesh of the child on the lap of Christ, receives great additional value from the broadness of these dots. The same motive appears to have influenced the engraver throughout his work. When it is remembered that the whole of these draperies are of the coarse materials usually worn by the humbler classes, and are interspersed by none of those velvets and satins which present such agreeable and effective surfaces in works of another class, it will readily be seen that the only chance left to the artist of representing any effective variety of texture, was that of some novel treatment of these comparatively similar substances. The drapery of the Saviour is thus distinguished from that of the persons around him, by being of a somewhat richer texture, whilst the frieze garment of one of the "fishers of men" identifies it, at the risk of appearing coarse to fastidious eyes, with what it really is; whilst it enhances the more elaborate execution of other parts of the picture, and removes all appearance of the sort of smoothness, technically entitled greasiness, in the groups between the right and left extremities of the print. Had the subject authorised the introduction of silks and richly patterned stuffs, the draperies might have been of a more agreeable texture, and would have rendered a far smaller amount of labour and thought necessary. The glory which encircles the head of Christ may be referred to as a proof how easy it is for a man of genius and enthusiasm, to give importance to the most ordinary details of his original, if he be so minded. A slight feature of the picture, it becomes in Mr. Watt's hands an important auxiliary in the concentration of the varied elements of the composition; and from the remarkable character of the work, assumes the appearance of an electric light, which irradiates or seems to light up all the principal groups. As an engraving, the treatment of the subject throughout has entirely fulfilled the expectations which Mr. Watt's "Procession of the Flight of Bacon," after Stothard; his "May Day," after Leslie; and his "Highland Drovers," after Sir Edwin Landseer, were so well calculated to create, and amply supports his reputation as an historical engraver. The size of the work is unusually large, being twenty-nine inches by twenty-two and a half.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET, OXFORD STREET.

THE long unfinished structure of red and black bricks, with the traceried windows, the high-pitched roof, and the tall eccentric-looking tower and spire, which seemed to have been placed in the peculiarly uncongenial region of Margaret Street solely in order to excite a curiosity that was not to be gratified, has been at length so far advanced towards completion, that it is now consecrated as "All Saints' Church." As a church it is in use; and it also is open, all day and every day, to those who may be disposed to enter within its walls. The edifice has been designed by Mr. Butterfield, and erected under his direction and superintendence, for the express purpose of vindicating the supremacy of Gothic architecture as the ecclesiastical style of our time, and, indeed, of all time. It occupies, accordingly, a position of pre-eminent importance in the midst of our modern churches; and both claims, and must expect to experience, a critical examination, which shall deal with it strictly in accordance with its real merits. Happily, it does not fall within our province to consider this building in its ecclesiastical capacity, or to explain how it is that, being what it is, it is connected with the Protestant Church of England; nor need we describe it architecturally, since that has been done in a very complete and satisfactory manner by our able contemporary, the *Building News*. What remains for us to do, is to record our own sentiments upon its artistic character, and to declare whether we are, or are not, prepared to accept it as conclusively demonstrative of the supremacy of Gothic Art.

The church itself comprises a nave of three bays, with a clerestory and side aisles, a short chancel or choir, also with aisles, a western tower, surmounted by a lofty broach spire, 227 feet in height, and a south porch. The westernmost bay of the south aisle forms a baptistry, and the choir-aisles are both of them for the most part filled with the organ. The church stands back some little distance from the street, from which it is separated by a small quadrangle, formed by two large buildings (the residences of the clergy and the schools), that abut upon the church, and by the southern wall of the church itself, the fourth side of this quadrangle being closed in by an entrance gateway, flanked on either side by a low wall with palisading. Externally, these buildings are chiefly constructed of bricks; and they attract attention rather from a certain indefinite singularity in their general aspect, than from either richness of material, impressiveness of design, or excellence of architecture. We pass through the porch, and enter the church, and now we discover at a glance that upon its interior the architect has concentrated the entire energy of his genius, and that here he has used in lavish profusion the rich and costly materials which had been placed without restriction at his disposal. Granite, the most perfect in quality, and cut and polished with truly exquisite skill, marbles of every kind and every hue, with porphyry, serpentine, jasper, and alabaster, with carved woods also, and elaborately wrought brass and ironwork—these all abound on every side. The windows are all filled with stained glass. Tiles—some of the utmost richness, and others simpler, yet scarcely less effective, with occasional marble inlays—form the pavement. The walls are in part to be covered with paintings of the highest order in fresco, and partly they are enriched with various geometrical and other patterns, painted or inlaid in different colours with tiles and other coloured substances. The vaulting of the choir is adorned with rich carving, and it glitters with abundant gilding, while the open timber roofs of the other parts of the building are carved and inlaid. The low screen that separates the choir from the body of the church, the pulpit, the font, and the altar-like erection which fills the eastern end, are all of them works in which the most precious materials receive fresh value from the skill with which they have been made to realize the architect's designs. And so it is throughout the whole church—all is rich, and skilful treatment is everywhere present. Expense has not been spared; for £70,000 are said to have been expended upon this small church. The architect also has been empowered both to act without restraint, and to command the co-operation of

the ablest fellow-workers. Mr. Beresford Hope is a most valuable adviser. Mr. Dyce has produced in his frescoes pictures which, in their class and style, know no superiors. Mr. Myers is well known to be a first-rate architectural carver and sculptor. In incised work and the execution of inlaid decorations Mr. Field deservedly enjoys an equally distinguished reputation. Mr. Potter ranks with Messrs. Skidmore, Hardman, and Hart, in the production of decorative metal-work. Besides being an able clerk of works, Mr. Norris has proved that he is a master in the art of carving wood. Minton's tiles need no fresh commendation. Mr. O'Connor is able to paint glass well, if not so well as one or two of his contemporaries at home; and M. Gerente is considered to take rank amongst the first of the continental artists in glass. These are the men who have presided over the production of this church, under Mr. Butterfield, of whom it is superfluous to speak, except, indeed, it be in the fewest possible words to represent him as an architect of the highest eminence. And yet the church is altogether a failure. It is an absolute failure, because it is not even a truthful expression of the style which it professes to typify—because it is an exceptional instance of what may now be done with the Gothic, instead of being a typical image of what the Gothic is, and what it can now accomplish—and, again, because it is throughout characterized by inconsistency, and by a want of harmony and of unity of sentiment. It is a splendid vagary, not a noble work of Art, and, more particularly, not a noble work of Gothic Art. On every side it shows what admirable workmen England now possesses, and how thoroughly they understand the treatment of the rarest and most costly materials; but something more than this is needed for the production of what is great in art or in architecture. Much of the most elaborate and the most carefully executed surface ornamentation is painfully deficient in every truly artistic quality. And, in the same manner, the most precious of the materials employed are but too commonly treated like diamonds, emeralds, and rubies in a kaleidoscope. As an instance of imperfect Gothic treatment, we may specify the large arches of open tracery, entirely executed in admirable workmanship in marble, that connect the choir with its aisles. Here the architect had introduced, with peculiar felicity, a most characteristic Gothic feature, and he might have been expected to have rendered it in the fulness of the Gothic spirit. But his tracery wants the essentially Gothic attribute of *subordination*. It is in marble, indeed, but *it all lies in one plane*. And it will not be easy to discover any imperfections in the cutting of the marble by Mr. Myers's carvers; yet what truly Gothic eye can rest content with the massive geometrical figures in the upper lateral spandrels of the tracery?

We might with ease specify shortcomings, and imperfections, and instances of peculiar sentiments in Art being mistaken for artistic superiority. We are content, however, to protest against the stained glass, the work of M. Gerente, of Paris, which fills the principal windows of the church. It is, without an exception, unworthy of the edifice which it disfigures, as it is calculated to detract most seriously from the artist's reputation. Mr. O'Connor's glass, which consists of arabesques only, and is infinitely superior to these figure compositions, is placed at a great height in the windows of the clerestory.

It is not possible to visit this remarkable edifice, and to examine thoughtfully its magnificent adornments, without experiencing a variety of conflicting impressions. The open-handed and unostentatious liberality which supplied the funds for this costly work cannot fail to be recognised with cordial sympathy. That "Lamp of Sacrifice," which derives its most beautiful brilliancy from the dedication of the Creator's choicest gifts to the glory of the Giver, is seen to have been burning brightly in this new church; and who can discern that light, and not rejoice in its shining? But, then, how soon is that joy converted into sadness, when high aims and noble gifts, and eminent talents, are found to fail, through a wilful looking back instead of forward—through the vain desire to reproduce, in unexampled excellence, something that has passed away, instead of seeking a fresh, and consistent, and healthful development of a grand and inexhaustible art? All Saints' Church has failed, because it is an attempt to improve upon the Gothic of the Middle

Ages, under the same conditions in which it then attained to its most perfect expression. Every similar attempt will inevitably lead to the same result. We do not require, and we cannot use, the Gothic of the Middle Ages. We want our own Gothic. Mediæval Gothic belongs to the Middle Ages, and with the Middle Ages it has passed away. VICTORIAN GOTHIC, when it shall have been matured, is our Gothic; and it is the only Gothic that now will either attain to an architectural perfection, or adequately express the existing capacities and excellences of the style. We have yet to await the appearance of a typical edifice in this style; we wait hopefully, however, but we do not rest our hopes upon any of the mediævalists.

THE ILLUMINATING ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THIS association, which has just entered under promising auspices upon what we trust may prove a long career of usefulness and prosperity, is designed to revive a taste for the mediæval decorative process known as the art of illuminating, and also to form a new school of English illuminators. The project, as it is put forth in the prospectus of the society, embraces features that claim for it warm sympathy and zealous support; as may be expected, in several important particulars, it will admit of decided improvement.

The projectors of this "Art-Union" declare that there already exists a large demand among the higher classes of society for illuminated works, executed after the manner of mediæval illuminations; and, they add, that it is "the grand and chief end" of their association very considerably to increase this demand, with the view thus to provide remunerative and also congenial "employment for numbers of highly-educated females who, from their social position, are unfitted for any menial occupation, and whose talents entitle them to be employed in a higher sphere of labour, suitable to their education, and answering the purpose of creating a livelihood, or increasing a scanty income." This passage speaks for itself, and pleads its own cause with powerful impressiveness. A really practicable plan for enabling "gentlewomen of limited income, and respectable females in the middle classes of society," to obtain a "means of livelihood," in a manner at once consistent with their position and in harmony with their feelings, is precisely that to which we should at all times be ready to accord our hearty approbation and support. When any definite scheme is submitted to us which proposes to realize its objects through the practice of a beautiful art, it necessarily follows that our approbation should be strengthened, and, indeed, that it should assume the character of an earnest and active interest. We accordingly invite the attention of our readers to the "Illuminating Art-Union," and refer them for full particulars to Mr. D. L. de Lara, the gentleman to whom the management has been entrusted by the ladies patronesses, and who may be heard of at 3, Torrington Square, or 15, Rathbone Place.

During the last few weeks the attention of the public has been invited to the "first annual exhibition" of this "Illuminating Art-Union." The works exhibited are about eighty in number; and the collection contains many specimens of great excellence, while every individual illumination must in justice be said to possess its own distinctive meritorious qualities. The best and most characteristic productions of the early illuminators have evidently been studied with intelligent care by their modern admirers, and thus the students themselves have been signally successful in acquiring the feeling, as well as the manner, of mediæval illuminating. This is not desirable only, but absolutely necessary, as the foundation upon which they are to build up their art. Let not our living illuminators, however, for a single moment entertain the idea that their highest aim, and in fact their only aim, is to reproduce mediæval illuminations. These ladies, and the few gentlemen who may share their labours, will never become true artists in the department of Art they have chosen, simply because they may have acquired the faculty of expert copying. Their

art, like the architecture of the middle ages, is to be revived in the old spirit, but not practised merely as a reiteration of old forms of expression. They are free to think and to develop their art in harmony with the general conditions of modern life, while the mediæval illuminator was compelled to work within painfully narrow limits, and very commonly restricted to a single specific subject. We hope to see the accomplished, enterprising, and philanthropic members of the "Illuminating Art-Union" speedily adopting comprehensive views as to the range and applicability of their art, and dealing with it in an independent spirit. If they prefer religious subjects, let religious subjects engage their attention. If "missals"—that is, Roman Catholic service books—are specially required, they can be produced by them. But the revived art of illuminating is in no respect or degree restricted to religious subjects, or pre-eminently associated with them; and missals have not a shadow of a claim upon it in preference to any other class of works. Historical and biographical sketches or memoirs, with the brief passages that chronicle to all time the salient points of history itself—these will not pass unnoticed before the modern illuminator, and more particularly when they will admit the introduction of regular and systematic illustrative heraldry. The study of heraldry, indeed, we strongly recommend to the members of the "Illuminating Art-Union;" and we do so in the full conviction that they will speedily discover it to be the means of opening before them a fresh field for the application of their eminently attractive art.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.—The pupils of the Manchester School of Art have recently presented to their head master, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., a valuable gold watch, accompanied by an address beautifully engrossed, and richly illuminated and bound, as tokens of the appreciation of the ability and kindness with which he has discharged the duties of his office during the ten years he has held it. The presentation took place in one of the principal exhibition rooms of the Institution, which was appropriately decorated with pictures, choice flowers, exotics, &c.; a large assembly met to witness the ceremony, and to participate in the *soirée*. We have had frequent opportunities of referring to the high estimation in which Mr. Hammersley is held by the directors and scholars of the school, and the general public of Manchester—that estimation arising from unquestionable desert; he has laboured well and wisely, and, therefore, with success. The immense move which Art has taken of late years in the great capital of manufacture, is mainly, if it be not solely, owing to his indefatigable energy and continual exertion. It is satisfactory to find his abilities and his industry fully appreciated where he is best known; but his efforts have been by no means confined to Manchester; by lectures, at meetings, and on various occasions where Art was to be promoted, and the public interests served, in many other cities of England, he has worked earnestly and advantageously. If the prophet has obtained honour in his own country, he has been honoured also very often elsewhere.

BRISTOL.—The Bristol and West of England Art-Union has already purchased a considerable number of pictures for distribution to the subscribers of the current year; among them are works by A. Johnston, J. D. Harding, Gale, Branwhite, Syers, S. P. Jackson, Jutsum, Hulme, Gosling, Rosenberg, &c. A circular which has recently been forwarded to us states that,—"The Committee, after having purchased what was represented to them as the exclusive copyright of Sir Edwin Landseer's picture called 'The Shepherd's Bible,' and engraved by Mr. T. Landseer, discovered, to their great surprise, that a plate had been previously engraved by Mr. C. G. Lewis, from the same picture, under the title of 'The Colley Dogs;' and that Mr. C. G. Lewis had a separate right to the publication of his plate, which had been already before a court of law. Under these circumstances the committee, after recovering a portion of the price paid for the copyright of 'The Shepherd's Bible,' have felt it their duty to purchase Mr. C. G. Lewis's plate also, in redemption of their pledge to issue as their Presentation Plate an engraving published exclusively for the subscribers to this Art-Union, and thirty *Artist's Proofs* taken from Mr. Lewis's plate, variously framed, will be issued as additional prizes to the first thirty names successively drawn from

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PICTURE SALES.

ALTHOUGH the present season has not brought into the public sale-rooms any large and important single collection of pictures, many works of a high character, especially by British artists, have been put up to competition. Among them we consider the following as entitled to notice:—

On the 13th of June Messrs. Christie and Manson sold a miscellaneous collection of paintings and drawings, comprising—'The Cornfield,' with cattle and figures, an early work, by J. Linnell, 188 gs.; 'Gillingham,' W. Müller, 103 gs.; 'View near Canterbury,' dated 1856, a large picture, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 168 gs.; 'La Rochelle, from the Sea,' C. Stanfield, R.A., small, 70 gs.; 'Portrait of Miss Ridge,' Sir J. Reynolds, 500 gs., sold to the Marquis of Lansdowne; 'Portrait of Miss Gwatkin,' Sir J. Reynolds, 200 gs.; 'Portrait of Mrs. Quarrington, as St. Agnes,' Sir J. Reynolds, from the collection of the late Mr. Payne Knight, 220 gs.; 'The Braddy Family,' whole-length figures grouped in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 1000 gs.; 'The Woodman's Daughter,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., 210 gs.; 'Dead Doe,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., small, 165 gs.; 'A Welsh Valley—Morning,' T. Creswick, R.A., 136 gs.; 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 80 gs.; 'Leith Hill, Surrey,' J. Linnell, from the collection of Mr. W. Wethered, 96 gs.; 'Distant View of the Severn, from Leigh, near Bristol,' P. Nasmyth, 330 gs.; 'The Woodlands, near East Grinstead,' P. Nasmyth, 98 gs.; 'View of Dedham,' J. Constable, 188 gs.

In the same rooms the collection of pictures and drawings belonging to the late Mr. W. J. Broderip was disposed of. The latter realized but small sums, and of the oil-paintings we need only notice—'The River Awe on Flood,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 30 gs.; 'Galatea,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 50 gs.; 'Broad Oak Road, Canterbury,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £45 3s.; 'Weary Emigrants,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 165 gs.; 'View of Angera, on the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. Hering, 77 gs.; 'Ariel and Cupid,' Etty, 50 gs.; 'Isola del Piscatore,' G. E. Hering, 44 gs.; 'The Jewelled Hand,' J. Sant, 70 gs.; 'Coast Scene,' G. E. Hering, 63 gs.; 'Portrait of Vestris,' Gainsborough, £101; 'Fruit,' G. Lance, £43 1s.; 'Sheep,' Verboekhoven, £109. We ought to mention that nearly the whole of Mr. Broderip's works were of small cabinet size.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—At a recent sale of porcelain and curiosities, the property of M. Rattier, the prices given for the following objects show that there is as keen a competition for works of this kind in Paris as in London. An earthenware plateau, of the date of 1525, by Andreoli, of the manufacture of Gubbio, 4700 francs; a dish of Urbino manufacture, date 1558, 4500 francs; three specimens of Palissy ware, 6800, 4800, 1220 francs respectively; two bowls, with the ciphers of Henry II., Catherine of Medici, and Diana of Poitiers, interlaced, 12,500 francs. The earthenware of the time of Henry II. is rare, perhaps its chief merit: the Musée de Cluny has only one example, M. Rattier had four in his collection: a triangular saltcellar, with the cipher of Diana of Poitiers, sold for 12,600 francs; another of the same kind, the heads repaired, 6300 francs; a third, hexagonal in form, 10,000 francs; a cup, restored, 7500 francs. The collection occupied five days to dispose of, and produced the sum of £14,800; it is said to have cost its late owner £4000.—The Fine Arts have recently lost a liberal patron, in the person of M. A. Moreau; he was a great collector of modern Art, and possessed a large collection of the works of the best painters—as many as six hundred pictures. M. Moreau was a great encourager of young artists, and, enjoying an immense fortune, he employed it in the purchase of paintings, and other articles of vertu.—The non-exhibition of the English artists here has been made the subject of some deprecating remarks by various journals.—The emperor has ordered a statue of Humboldt, for the galleries of Versailles, by M. A. Dumont.—An artist of talent, Count L. T. de Crisac, *Membre libre de l'Institut*, has just died at the age of seventy-seven. He was son of the Marquis of Crisac; ruined by the revolution, he resolved to depend on his talents for a livelihood, and he maintained a long and honourable career, respected by all who knew him.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

BEFORE these lines meet the eyes of our readers the grand commemoration festival of the greatest of musical composers will have taken its place amongst the things that are past. Meanwhile the Crystal Palace has for some time continually exhibited the progress that has been made, as the festival itself has drawn near, in the preparatory arrangements. Foremost amongst these is the great orchestra, now enlarged from its former ample dimensions for the reception of upwards of four thousand persons. We have watched the execution of this unique piece of engineering carpentry with great interest, and certainly it may challenge the criticism of the most experienced of inquirers. The whole has been produced by the Crystal Palace staff of carpenters, under the sole direction and superintendence of the chief official in that department, Mr. Earce, who may justly claim the highest commendation for the uniform excellence both of his arrangements and of the manner in which they have been carried into effect. The organ itself has been considerably enlarged, and its exterior has received a fresh decoration, that is in good taste, and produced a very satisfactory effect.

The Fine-Art department of the Crystal Palace has repeatedly excited our wondering regret, from the painful incapacity with which it is administered. Not content with doing nothing whatsoever to improve the Fine-Art collections of the palace, and to render them available for popular instruction and refinement, whenever this department does take anything in hand its works almost invariably excite mingled sentiments of surprise, regret, and indignation. The so-called *decoration* of the Handel orchestra is the latest, and perhaps the most glaring, instance of what the Crystal Palace Fine-Art department is in the habit of producing. Here was no common chance for the display of some taste and some artistic feeling; and an unprecedented opportunity was here presented for advertising the powers of the Crystal Palace Fine-Art people. The screen at the back of the orchestra has been painted to give it the appearance of clouds, seen through bronze pillars that are to be supposed to support the *velarium* of a Roman amphitheatre. Thus the orchestra is adapted in its artistic capacity to the sentiment of the Handel Festival, by associating it with reminiscences of a pagan gladiatorial arena; and the enclosure, that has been constructed expressly for the purpose of completely shutting in the space within it, is made to convey the idea of the whole being in the open air, and without even the covering of the glass vaulting of the Crystal Palace itself! How easily might decorations have been introduced, which would have harmonized with the character and the feeling of Handel's sublime music, and would at the same time have demonstrated the presence of high artistic talent in the councils of the Crystal Palace! One would have thought that the casts from the *angel choir* at Lincoln, which are in the Gothic Court at Sydenham, must have suggested fitting decorations for a Handel orchestra; but it is highly probable that the gentleman who produced the design that has been adopted, and the authorities who decided on its adoption, are ignorant alike of the existence of an angel choir at Lincoln, and of the presence of casts from it in the Crystal Palace.

The wretched failure which characterizes the decoration (?) of the enclosing screen at the back of the Handel orchestra has not saved the front from corresponding, and even more offensive ill-treatment. Here marble paper, and cheap imitative marble painting, have been called in, and the very natural result approximates closely upon the most approved suburban tea-garden type. All this is very sad, and it does not tend either to exalt the reputation of the Crystal Palace or to improve the prospects of the shareholders.

We gladly turn from these *works of Art*, that have thus been produced for the special honour of the Handel Festival, to that great musical demonstration, which may be expected to realize the most exalted conceptions of Handel's music. Full justice will, without doubt, be rendered to the illustrious composer, and a majesty of music far surpassing all that before has been heard by human listeners will then be accomplished.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. W. Stirling, M.P., have been added to the list of trustees of this national collection of pictures, which has recently received an accession of four portraits, those of the Duke of Ormond, Cowley, Selden, and Lord Howe.

THE PROPOSED 1861 EXHIBITION.—The council of the Society of Arts have, as we anticipated, resolved that, "with reference to the present and prospective condition of the Continent, the international exhibition proposed to be held in 1861 should be postponed to a more favourable opportunity." They intimate that the guarantee fund would have sufficed for the amount required, and that proceedings will be resumed as soon as affairs are "settled" between the belligerents of Europe; they express a hope also that the names of guarantees will be suffered to continue on the list, awaiting more auspicious circumstances.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—Mr. Paul F. Naptel has been elected from the list of Associates to a place among the members of this society.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF BENARES,—the "holy city," as the Hindoos call it,—recently opened in Leicester Square, must be classed among the most beautiful pictures which have ever been exhibited in that building, or any other of a similar kind. Benares stands on the banks of the Ganges, and the view is taken from the river, near the centre of a semicircle, whence the whole of the vast city and the surrounding country may be seen. The aspect of the city is grand and imposing—temples, religious edifices, and pagodas of varied size and form, some richly painted and gilt, others of the original colour of the stone, stretch from the banks of the Ganges to a considerable distance inland, and occupy a vast length of frontage on the river line. The Ganges is covered with craft of all descriptions, rigged and unrigged, pleasure-boats, market-boats, merchantmen; and queer-looking vessels these are to an English eye—so top-heavy that the slightest sea-breeze would, it would seem, lay them on their sides. A crocodile opens its ponderous jaws, from the surface of the water, as a boat glides by, and a dead body, shrouded, but not confined, floats down the beautiful river on a raft of bamboo and rushes, unheeded and uncared for by the gay and merry groups among whom it drifts. Both on shore and on water the Hindoo population seems to be holding high festival, and a most animated and picturesque scene it presents, admirably painted everywhere; but especially so is the river—the gradations of tint in depth and transparency, till they blend with the distant horizon, are as truthful as nature. Not only for the interest of the subject, but for its real intrinsic merits, this panorama ought to draw a multitude of visitors. Mr. Burford has, as usual, availed himself of the able assistance of Mr. H. C. Selous in the production of the work.

LIGHTING OUR PICTURE GALLERIES.—In order to have an authoritative investigation into the whole question of lighting Public Galleries with gas, the Lord President of the Council has named a commission of inquiry, consisting of Professors Faraday, Hofmann, and Tyndall, with Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Captain Fowke, R.E., who will commence their investigations immediately.

LORD CLIVE.—A statue of Lord Clive, of bronzed plaster, and on a temporary pedestal, now stands close to the pavement in Parliament Street, behind the iron railing that encloses the ground of old Montague House. It is the work of Baron Marochetti: under what circumstances it has been executed, why it is there placed, or what is to be its ultimate destination, we are entirely ignorant. It is not, we believe, a national commission—although it may be, for there is usually so much of mystery in proceedings of this kind, that very possibly the statue may be already paid for out of the public purse. It is where it is evidently to invite criticism, to which it is certainly amenable. Although by no means so utterly bad as it is represented to be in the columns of the *Times*, it is unquestionably inferior to any one of the many that may be seen a few steps farther on, in the entrance-hall of the Houses of Parliament. The attitude is singularly ungraceful, resembling rather that of an arrogant bully than the

hero of Plassy, to whom England is indebted for India. It is but a confirmation of the opinion we have long entertained and laboured to circulate—that Baron Marochetti cannot compete with our more prominent British sculptors; this is proved by every work he produces, when there is any means of making comparisons. We desire to speak of him in terms of respect, but against the fallacy that he "leads" in this country, it is our duty to raise our voice.

THE LADY MARION ALFORD'S MAJOLICA FOUNTAIN.—The prevailing taste for mediæval ceramic productions, has led to the very satisfactory practical result of reviving some of the more important and valuable of the early fictile processes. Amongst the wares that attained to a high reputation in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Majolica of Italy occupied so prominent a position, that it is but natural the Majolica *fayence* should be held at the present time in great estimation; and, indeed, the old Majolica but too frequently has found modern purchasers, who have very greatly over estimated its artistic value. The revival of this peculiar ware, however, has been accomplished in a manner that promises well for its future character, as an important branch of our ceramic art-manufactures. The spirit of the old works appears in their successors, and already their imperfections have been judiciously avoided, while in their stead, the varied improvements of modern science and refinement, have been introduced with admirable skill and a thoroughly correct feeling. By far the best example of the revived Majolica that we have yet seen, is a fountain of large dimensions, which has been very recently produced by the Messrs. Daniell of New Bond Street, from the design of the Lady Marion Alford, and for that accomplished lady. The composition, which is distinguished by an impressive boldness, combined with the most graceful delicacy, consists of a shaft formed of a thick cluster of bull-rushes, rising from a tripod base, over each foot of which there is placed a youthful figure charmingly modelled. The basin forms a broad tazza, and it is beautifully wreathed with flowers and shells in high relief. The height of the whole is about five feet. The groupment of this composition has been very happily accomplished, and the modelling of every object shows both careful study and a remarkable freedom and vigour of touch. Texture also has been thoughtfully rendered throughout the whole; the colours are rich and harmonious; and the glaze is peculiarly soft, even, and brilliant. This fine work has been deservedly admired by all who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing it, and many repetitions of it will, without doubt, be required. Several commissions, indeed, have already been given for it; but the expectant proprietors of this fountain must be content to receive their copies in slow succession, since the utmost efforts of the enterprising manufacturers will not enable them to produce more than three or four specimens in a year. A visit to the establishment of the Messrs. Daniell, will prove a source of unqualified satisfaction to all who are interested in the progress and success of English manufactures. The pottery and porcelain of our country may here be seen in almost endless variety, from the Majolica fountain that we have been describing, and from groups of vases that have found ready purchasers amongst those of the nobility who are most distinguished for the soundness and purity of their taste, to the simplest appliances of daily use. The collection of the productions of Herbert Minton and his successors is singularly interesting, and it is also of such importance that it may be considered in itself to form a "Ceramic Court" or museum of fictile art.

ROMAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—We have examined with much interest a portfolio of Roman and Italian photographs, taken by Mr. Macpherson. The entire series, of which we have seen only a part, extends, we understand, to 163 views, embracing the usual subjects from the Roman Forum and other classic and mediæval remains within and beyond the city walls, all well known to the Italian traveller. It is also enriched with the pictorial beauties of Tivoli and the Campagna, with bas-reliefs taken from Orvietto, and with other subjects and details lying on the roads of Perugia and Siena, long the admiration and study of every traveller and artist. Among the more directly

landscape subjects, we would specially mention the oft-painted Cascatelle at Tivoli, a photograph we have seldom seen surpassed, whether for the beauty of its subject, the infinity of foreground detail, or the broad delicate tone thrown over the undulating distances. We would call the attention of the artist to the far-famed bas-reliefs from the Cathedral of Orvietto, and to the group taken from the grand fresco by Luca Signorelli in the same church, all showing in their minute accuracy and detail the services conferred by photography upon art, when contrasted with all previous modes of illustration. Mr. Macpherson has taken these photographs under the special advantages which a long residence in Rome can confer. The traveller well knows that the production of photographs has now degenerated into a direct trade, and an extensive manufacture; we believe, however, that Mr. Macpherson himself, has some better claims to the taste and knowledge of an artist. Ten years ago we ourselves saw in his studio a large cartoon for the execution of a church picture, and the lovers of art and of literature may, perhaps, be interested in knowing that Mrs. Macpherson, who frequently aids in the printing and production of the photographs, has the honour of near relationship with Mrs. Jameson.

THE EXHIBITIONS being all open, landscape painters are betaking themselves to the scenes of their labours. It was not thus with those who worked in the spirit of the fathers of our landscape art: for them June was too green; their principles of colour, when they condescended to imitate natural form and tint, did not allow them to paint trees until the summer was in a more mellow mood. Those passages of art that most nearly approach nature, are greatly applauded by *incognoscenti* lovers of painting, for their reality; but that is not the best reason wherefore they should praise—it is that in each success, difficulties all but heart-breaking have been overcome. In comparison with this, the facile chalk or pencil sketch, realized into a picture with all the poetical license of the studio, is as nothing. We meet with, it is true, much hard and crude painting; but, on the other hand, this assiduous labour from nature, produces pictures of a character that were never dreamt of by the sketchers of an earlier time.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.—These works have been photographed, and very successfully, as may be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's. It is now sixteen years since, in this Journal, it was earnestly proposed that they should be protected by glass, like other watercolour works. Glass has been extensively and very properly applied to many valuable pictures in the National Gallery, and if the cartoons have not yet been glazed, they will have again to be subjected to a process of restoration which will, of course, obliterate every touch of the pupils of Raffaele, if that be not already done.

AN AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF ART.—The *Melbourne Argus* of April 1, in a well-written "leader," notices the establishment in the colony of an Academy of Art, which is to include sculptors, painters, and architects. "At present," the writer says, "the number of members does not exceed fifteen; but, as the founders are no doubt aware, the Royal Academy of England, when ushered into existence by Chambers, West, and others, not quite a hundred years ago, was only composed of about thirty members; and the scheme appeared to be so unpromising that Sir Joshua Reynolds hesitated for some time to join it." We learn also, from the same source, that the trustees of the public library have "invited the co-operation of artists and others in the preparation of a list of such casts, pieces of sculpture, &c., as it may be most desirable to procure from Europe by means of the grant of £2000, voted for that purpose by the legislature, with a view to form the basis of the collection about to be placed in the lower story of the library." These are hopeful signs of the times for our countrymen in the new world.

THE LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY held a meeting at Guildhall, on Tuesday, the 14th of June, to inspect the antiquities of that building, and afterwards visited the ancient Crypt of Bow Church; and the Church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury. The Lord Mayor presided at a crowded meeting in the Council Chamber, where the Rev. T. Hugo read a paper on the *Liber Albus*, that curious record of civic life in the middle ages. Mr. Fairholt followed with an historic paper on the

Giants of Guildhall, and their ancient fabulous history, as given by the old Chroniclers, and recorded by the civic officials, tracing the use of giants in civic shows at home and abroad. The muniments and other antiquities of the City were liberally displayed, and the company were agreeably surprised by the quantity and curiosity of the ancient books and charters—which are totally unknown to the world at large, and repose in the town clerk's office. Among them is a magnificent volume, a History of France, compiled in the fifteenth century, with admirably executed historic paintings; a singularly curious list of names of Londoners in the time of Henry III.; Papal decretals, charters of early sovereigns, and manuscript volumes connected with the history of London from the days of King John.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES KEAN.—Several noblemen and gentlemen, fellow students of Mr. Kean at Eton, have associated, with a view to present to that gentleman a testimonial on his relinquishing the management of the Princess's Theatre. We confess we have read the announcement with some regret; for its tendency is—and no doubt its effect will be—to separate Mr. Kean from the men of letters, the artists, the dramatists, and the general public, by whom his services have been duly appreciated and cordially acknowledged—the classes, in short, to which Mr. Kean belongs, and to which, we hope and believe, he is proud to belong. Such men as those to whom we refer—the aristocracy of intellect, not educated at Eton—are (whether intentionally or not we cannot say) excluded from any share in the honour they would gladly accord to Mr. Charles Kean. No name of celebrity, except that which is obtained by rank, appears in the list of the committee; and we take for granted it will be—as we imagine it is meant to be—the testimonial of "the aristocracy" to a man of talent, who has certainly conferred honour upon the order to which he does not belong. We shall not be satisfied, however, to permit Mr. Charles Kean to leave the management of the Princess's Theatre without endeavouring to obtain for his long, arduous, and valuable services a recognition more palpably that of his "fellows;" for we know there are among his private friends and public admirers many who, feeling themselves compelled—or being compelled—to keep aloof from this partial and limited movement, earnestly desire to place on record the high esteem with which they regard him personally, and their earnest respect for his character as a gentleman, an actor, and a manager.

PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. GOLDSCHMIDT.—A very interesting meeting took place at the Mansion House on the 17th of June. The object was to present to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt a bust of Her Majesty the Queen,—the presentation of which has been long deferred, in consequence of various circumstances needless to explain,—which resulted from a subscription entered into by several of the supporters of "the Nightingale Fund," to record their appreciation of the liberal aid that fund received from the services of Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the concert referred to produced to the fund a sum little short of £2000. The expenses were heavy, amounting to nearly £600; but, to the astonishment—we may, indeed, add, almost to the regret—of the committee of the Nightingale Fund, when they sought to pay these expenses, it was found they had been paid—Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt had paid them! consequently the gross proceeds of the concert, without any deduction whatever, was paid over to the account of the Nightingale Fund. In order to give some expression to the feeling with which this act of unparalleled generosity was regarded, a subscription was entered into, and a commission was given to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt's friend, Mr. Joseph Durham, to prepare a replica of the bust of Her Majesty the Queen, thus associating, by one graceful act, three women—the one illustrious and good, the other two good and famous; and we are quite sure Her Majesty the Queen of England will not shame to see her honoured and beloved name thus combined with the names of Florence Nightingale and Jenny Lind. The idea originated in "the City," at one of the meetings of the City Committee, when Alderman Wire presided; hence the presentation at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor invited on the occasion

all the subscribers to the bust, and a few other persons distinguished by talent; the proceedings were, therefore, deeply interesting. Mr. Goldschmidt acknowledged the compliment with singular grace, with a degree of simple force that amounted to eloquence, speaking English with remarkable ease and facility; and the Lord Mayor was emphatically "at home," as he always is when honouring intellect, and advocating or aiding a cause of which the heart and the hand approve. The ceremony will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present, and who found what a large and unexpected return they received for a very small investment.

A COMMITTEE, consisting of numerous gentlemen directly or indirectly interested in the mining industries of the country, has been formed for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Keeper of Mining Records, and for many years one of our most valuable contributors, some testimonial, "as an acknowledgment of the great benefit he has conferred on the mining and metallurgic interests by the compilation of his admirable series of statistics." The intended tribute has been well earned, and the proposition will doubtless find a ready response among the class to whom the appeal is especially made. There are few men better entitled to such a tribute, whether with reference to his eminence in science, or to his many valuable published books.

ART AT LAW.—A curious case has been brought before the Master of the Rolls, in Ireland. It appears that Mr. Wallis sold his picture of the death of Chatterton to a brother artist, Mr. Augustus Egg, who sold the copyright thereof to a Mr. Turner, who designed to make an engraving of it. The sum paid for the picture by Mr. Egg was 100 guineas; what sum he obtained for the copyright does not appear, but it would seem that no part of it went into the hands of the painter, who conceived and executed the work. Mr. Robinson, a photographer of Dublin, having planned a series of illustrations of the life of Chatterton, desired to make this scene its finale, and dressed up his apprentice, and arranged a room as nearly as he could to represent the sad incident as Mr. Wallis had represented it; this photograph he published, but only as a stereoscopic view. Mr. Turner considered this an infringement of his copyright, and applied for an injunction; it was refused—mainly on the ground that Mr. Turner had failed to show any right—that Mr. Egg had equally failed to show any right, and that neither of them was in a condition to apply for relief to Chancery. "Counsel (J. E. Walsh, Q.C.) contended that the case fell within the principles applicable to trade marks—namely, that where a person endeavoured to enhance the value of his production, and to make profit of it, by representing it to possess the qualities of some composition or article produced by another, the court would interfere to restrain the party so invading the copyright." It is indeed high time that the question concerning copyright in pictures should be settled by the legislature: we take for granted, however, that nothing of the kind will be done this year—Parliament being far better occupied in determining which king shall reign in Downing Street than in arranging the affairs of the nation.

OSLER'S GLASS ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Owen Jones has completed for the Messrs. Osler, the well-known glass-manufacturers of Birmingham, an edifice designed for the express purpose of enabling them to display to the best advantage their various productions. As we are, it seems, in all cases to expect from Mr. Owen Jones—an alhambresque sentiment pervades this work; which, however, we have pleasure in pronouncing to be eminently successful. The street-front of the building, without so much ornamentation, possesses about as much architectural character as St. James's Hall. On entering, a well-arranged vestibule is found to lead into a second and inner ante-room, appropriately furnished for the accommodation of visitors, from which folding-doors open into a truly splendid gallery, 110 feet in length by 25 in width, and 25 in height, to the crown of the vaulted ceiling. This ceiling is pierced throughout its entire area with four-pointed star-shaped openings, which are glazed with variously-coloured glass, every piece of the coloured glass enclosing a smaller star of white glass. The effect of the whole is admirable; and by this arrangement the lighting of

the gallery is most satisfactorily accomplished—the light being both brilliant and pleasingly subdued, while it is evenly diffused in every direction. When the actual sun-light has passed away, gas sun-burners provide the best substitute with which we are acquainted for the solar illumination. The walls are covered with a rich crimson paper, upon which, on either side of the gallery, are placed fourteen large and lofty mirrors. The end is filled with another mirror of still greater dimensions, and massive mahogany stands supporting mirror-slabs line the gallery, and occupy its centre; upon these stands the manufactured glass is displayed in every conceivable variety of form, and for every possible use. Groups of objects in glass, both useful and of an expressly decorative character, are formed immediately in front of the side-mirrors; and their good effect is very considerably enhanced from their being placed upon graduated raised stands formed entirely of mirror. From the vaulted ceiling are suspended a glittering array of beautiful glass chandeliers, the suspending-rods being most happily adjusted to the stellar ornamentation of the vault itself. At the end of the gallery are the two colossal crystal-glass candelabra, one of which for some time stood in the central avenue of the Crystal Palace. This noble gallery, with its sparkling contents, presents to the eyes of visitors a spectacle that must be designated as magnificent. Nor does the impression produced by the first glance become at all weakened on an increasing familiarity with the scene; but, on the contrary, the real merits of the building, with its decorations and fittings, can be thoroughly appreciated only after a deliberate examination, and it also requires a prolonged examination to discover the high qualities of the manufactured objects that are thus so effectively displayed. We cordially congratulate both Messrs. Osler and Mr. Owen Jones upon this important addition to the really fine edifices that are associated with the commercial enterprises of the Metropolis.

OLD COINS.—Our surprise has often been excited by the large sums paid by collectors of pictures and of other Art-objects; but the prices which numismatists sometimes give for bits of gold, silver, and copper, valuable only because they are rare, almost exceeds belief; and, lovers as we are of antiquities, we can scarcely understand that enthusiasm for such comparative trifles, which can only be gratified at so heavy an outlay. At the recent sale, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of the collection of coins formed by the late Rev. J. W. Martin, of Keston, Kent, the following specimens were sold for the sums annexed to them:—A halfpenny of Edward the Elder, £23; a gold penny of Henry III., £130; a quarter-florin of Edward III., said to be almost unique, £145; half-angel of Henry VI., £31; sovereign of Henry VII., £39; sovereign of Henry VIII., £20; half-sovereign of the same monarch, struck in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, £15 5s.; an angel of Edward VI., £59; real of Queen Mary, £71; half-angel of the same, £35; half-sovereign of Charles I., of the Bristol Mint, £50; a "Lord Baltimore" penny, struck for America, supposed to be unique, £75; a copper-piece, struck for the Summer Islands, £29; a fifty-shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, £46; a gold five shilling piece of Charles II., £29 10s.; a gold noble of the Scottish King David II., £41; a forty-shilling piece of James VI., £20.

PARKINS AND GOTTO'S PRIZE WRITING-CASE.—With a view to obtain for our soldiers and sailors, and also for emigrants and others who might require it, a very cheap, and at the same time a really serviceable writing-case, the Society of Arts lately offered a prize of twenty guineas, with a silver medal, for the best specimen that manufacturers would submit to them. The competitors were restricted to size, weight, and price. Both money and medal were awarded to Parkins and Gotto, of Oxford Street, for the superior "utility, durability, portability, and cheapness" of their model writing-case; we may add, for its neatness, also generally satisfactory character, as well as for the good quality of its varied contents, all of which are supplied for the sum of sixpence, the cost of the writing-case being one shilling and sixpence unfitted, or two shillings with its fittings complete.

REVIEWS.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by RALPH N. WORNUM. Part I. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

If we accept as evidence with regard to the majority of Turner's pictures, what is undeniably true concerning some, that every year is causing their beauty to fade, and depreciating their worth—and such an opinion is stoutly maintained by many competent judges—then assuredly every good engraving from his pictures must, hereafter, have almost a priceless value. What would not the lovers of Art now give for perfect copies of the works of the great Greek sculptors—of those works the names of which only have come down to us, or of those whereof we possess only fragments, but such fragments as render us too sensible of the loss we have sustained? If the art of the engraver had not been employed upon reproduction, how little, comparatively, would be known of those great pictures of past ages with which, through his aid, we are now well acquainted—pictures that time, carelessness, or ill-use, or all combined, have nearly destroyed;—of the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, the "Last Judgment" of Michel Angelo, the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino, and, in truth, of a very large number of the paintings that almost immediately followed the revival of Art in the fourteenth century? The perishable nature of the materials with which Turner worked, especially during, at least, the latter half of his life, is a fact patent to all who have taken pains to examine his pictures; if, then, half a century, or even a quarter of a century, has effected so much mischief, what will they have to show at the end of two or three centuries? It is this consideration which must, and will, have its due weight, with regard to any engravings executed from them,

"Before that Time's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

However men may differ in their estimation of his paintings, there can scarcely be two opinions as to the merits of his works as compositions: one may smile at the eccentricities of his colouring, at the blotches of paint that adhere to the canvas we only wonder how, at the forms and shapes which stand for human figures, at his strange and unexampled manipulation, and the many other peculiarities which disturb the eye and draw the attention of the ignorant spectator or the dilettanti from the "mind" of the artist as expressed in his work; but when the skill of the engraver has rid the composition of all these real or seeming incongruities and defects, when he has moulded the figures into human shapes divine, when he has given form and substance to what probably appeared only as airy or earthly nothings, when, in fact, he has translated the painter's fancies into his own language—one more legible, and, therefore, more easily read by the multitude; then, as we formerly marvelled and were dissatisfied, we now marvel still more at the genius of the artist, so comprehensive, so original, imaginative, and poetical—so full of power and beauty, and we are more than satisfied, we are delighted.

A series of engravings from Turner's finest pictures, and of a size and quality commensurate with their importance, has not till now been offered to the public; nor, indeed, could it have been produced but for the glorious legacy bequeathed to the country. During his lifetime he exercised supreme control over his works, and would allow none to be engraved but what he chose: the large sums, moreover, paid to him for "touching the proofs," which he considered equivalent to what he would have received for copyright, acted almost as a prohibition to such engravings getting into the hands of any but the opulent. The "Turner Gallery," now in course of publication, and of which the first part has appeared, must, therefore, procure a welcome reception from the public, for many of the best line-engravers of the day are employed upon it, and it is issued at a price which will place it within the reach of thousands. Each part contains three engravings: those in the first part are—"Calais Pier," from the picture exhibited in the Academy in 1803, a comparatively early work, but one of marvellous power and grandeur: it is not actually the representation of a storm, but the scene approaches very closely to it; the sky is black, except where the sun illumines the tops of some dark rolling clouds; and the waters are surging and boiling round two or three fishing-boats preparing for departure; on the pier are numerous figures, variously occupied. It is engraved by J. Cousen, in a bold and masterly style, well suited to the subject. "Bacchus and Ariadne," engraved by C. Cousen, a picture of about forty years later than the preceding, is of a very different character, one

of those "sunshiny," mystical Italian scenes, so full of poetical beauty, in which Turner, towards the close of his life, delighted; it is circular in form, and the materials are of the usual description employed by the artist on such subjects,—a river, flanked on each side by rocky heights, whereon temples stand and fir-trees grow; the mythological story which gives a name to the picture is told by a number of figures sporting on the banks of the river. "Dido building Carthage," date 1816, is engraved by E. Goodall: this is the picture Turner painted to compete with Claude, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the National Gallery, near to Claude's great work: the respective merits of the two pictures need not be again discussed in our columns—the triumph of our own countryman is universally acknowledged.

The "Turner Gallery" opens well, and augurs favourably for its future appearance; we have no doubt the public will be found to endorse our good opinion.

THE RUDIMENTS OF BOTANY, STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL; being an Introduction to the Study of the Vegetable Kingdom. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER.

UNITY IN VARIETY, AS DEDUCED FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER.

Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

We class these volumes together for two substantial reasons; first, because they are written by the same author, and secondly, because the one is supplementary to the other. The author of both books holds the appointment of Lecturer on Botany, and Master of the Botanical Drawing Classes, in the Department of Science and Art, at the Kensington Museum, and his name must be familiar to most of our readers, we presume, from a series of valuable papers on "Botany applied to Manufacturing Arts," contributed by him to the *Art-Journal*, last year and the year preceding: thus it may be said he makes botany his profession.

The title of the first volume mentioned in the above heading explains itself; but the method of teaching the science, as here propounded, is novel. Justly considering that the first object of the student should be to acquire a complete knowledge of the various parts of a plant,—as of the root, stem, leaf, flower, &c.,—and then of the modifications which these organs undergo, or of the various forms which they assume in different plants, Mr. Dresser has adopted, as the best method of attaining such knowledge, a system of short propositions, each of which contains one statement only: by this mode of writing, or teaching, reference from one fact to another is made easy; notes, explanatory of the propositions, are appended where it has been thought necessary to introduce them. The grammar—for the book may be thus designated—or manual, also answers the purpose of a glossary, by means of the short propositions and the complete index. Again, in order to convey an idea of the growth of a plant, after a definition of an organ, its first appearance, or most early form, is noticed; then its growth, or the changes it undergoes as it advances to maturity; and, finally, its ultimate form, and the modifications in which it appears. The author, however, admits that "the effort here made to give the spirit of growth which we find in nature is extremely imperfect, owing to the difficulties with which the task is beset; but it is deemed more advisable to attempt this plan, though it must necessarily be imperfect, than to leave it altogether undone." The contents of the book are carefully and systematically classified, in the hope that the student will thus gain a feeling for classification, which seems to be an essential element in the acquisition of all natural sciences. Moreover, as the study of elementary botany requires—more, perhaps, than that of any other science founded on nature—that the understanding should be reached through the eye, the "Rudiments" is most profusely illustrated with woodcuts, accurately drawn and delicately engraved, not only of plants, and portions of plants, but also of trees, both singly and in landscape groups, to enable the student to comprehend masses, as well as details of foliage and forms: almost every page is thus illustrated with one or more engravings.

In analysing the contents of this volume, and the system of teaching the author adopts, it appears that one object he had in view, was that of tracing out the unity which exists between all the parts of a plant, and between all plants. He has not lost sight of the idea that a plant in its most elementary form is extremely simple, and that all plants, however far extended, are nothing more than repetitions or aggregations of this simple unit. But finding that this view of the subject, to be fully worked out, would scarcely come within the limits

of an elementary book, and would, moreover, inconveniently extend it, Mr. Dresser has written a separate volume, which, under the title of *UNITY IN VARIETY*—a very appropriate one, by the way—embodies this theory of oneness in principal. From this view of the vegetable kingdom, a special, or primary advantage is gained by the student, who thereby becomes acquainted with those general principles upon which all plants grow, and, as he extends his knowledge, he is made familiar with other laws, all of which are of wide general application, till ultimately he branches into minor considerations that relate to special cases or individuals. "Unity in Variety" seems to invert the usual order of teaching where illustrations are required, these serving, generally, to explain, or make apparent, the text; but here the text is employed merely to explain the illustrations, which, as in the "Rudiments," are most numerous; and there cannot be a doubt that the study of its contents will greatly facilitate the progress of the learner after he has mastered the latter; the one seems indispensable to the other; perhaps it should rather be said they ought not to be separated, by the young student at least.

Yet it is not only he who would acquire a knowledge of the interesting and elevating science of botany, to whom Mr. Dresser's books will prove most acceptable; they will be found valuable to that large class of persons whose tastes or pursuits lead them to study the art of design. Every designer and ornamentist, knows how much he is indebted to the world of nature for beautiful forms, and in these volumes is such a gathering that he need scarcely go elsewhere for a supply: the field is inexhaustible, in number and variety; and to be culled without exposure to scorching heat, or biting cold, without toil or labour. The author's gleanings from meadow and forest, conservatory and garden, yield a store that must satisfy the most insatiate appetite for exquisite forms.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS. By Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. 2 vols. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

The daughter of an artist, Mr. Heaphy, whose works have long been before the public, the writer of these volumes, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, is herself an artist of no ordinary talent: her works exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Female Artists are among the chief attractions of the gallery, and would tend to uphold the credit of any Art-institution in Christendom for the spirit and sparkle of her pencil,—qualities which, as we find here, are equally characteristic of her pen. While yet very young, a love of travel and adventure carried her abroad:—"A vagabond from a baby,"—so she designates herself in the opening paragraph of her book, with more candour, perhaps, than good taste, in a lady,—"I left England at eighteen. I was perfectly independent, having neither master nor money; my pencil was both to me, being at the same time my strength, my comfort, and my intense delight." She quitted England with the intention of visiting Gibraltar and Spain in the first instance, but chancing to meet, on board the ship which was to convey her to her destination, with a Moorish official of rank returning to Tangier from a special private mission to the British court, Miss Heaphy was so interested in his narrative of his race and country, that she determined to extend her trip, and to make Cadiz and Gibraltar stepping-stones only to the romantic shores of Western Barbary: her Moorish acquaintance found a way into the good graces of the young lady by the politeness and readiness with which he consented to sit to her for his portrait; the process of painting it proved a source of great interest to all on board the vessel. Tangier, however, was not destined to be a temporary place of residence for the artist; in less than a year she was married to Mr. H. J. Murray, then English consul in the city, and now filling the same office at Tenerife: at Tangier she lived nine years, and witnessed, from the deck of a British line-of-battle ship, the bombardment of the city, in 1844, by a French fleet. At the expiration of this term Mr. Murray received instructions to proceed as consul to the Canary Islands; on their passage thither they stopped for a short time at Cadiz and Seville, affording the lady an opportunity of collecting notes for two or three chapters of gossip about those cities, which chapters carry the reader into the middle of the first volume; the remainder, and the whole of the second, are devoted to her doings and wanderings in the Canary Islands.

It might naturally be supposed that a book written by an artist, and especially by one so clever as Mrs. Murray, would contain much that had reference to Art; but it is not so with this: it is a

narrative of travel and adventure; the people, manners, customs, and scenery of the countries visited, are sketched with a freedom and vivacity no less attractive than pleasing; while here and there we meet with stories and histories which form an agreeable variety in the gallery of pen and ink pictures, of which there are many we would gladly copy into our pages if we could find space for them. A more welcome work of its kind, for an occasional hour's light reading, has rarely issued from the press: we use the term "light reading" in no disparaging sense, but only to convey an idea of the style in which the book is written. Mrs. Murray makes no pretence to philosophise upon what comes within her ken, nor is she speculative or theoretic; she writes just what one would expect to find recorded by a clever, clear-headed woman, who has an eye to see whatever is worth seeing, and an understanding to guide her in what is worth telling.

PRACTICAL GUIDES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS. By AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Anticipating the requirements of continental travellers, during the season now hastening onwards, Messrs. Longman have published a series of Guide Books for Switzerland, Italy, the Rhine, and Paris, each of which may lay claim to the credit of containing *multum in parvo*; the object of the author—whom, by the way, we know to be an experienced traveller—being to indicate all that is really essential, and to exclude all that is irrelevant; in short, to enable the tourist to see all that ought to be seen, in the shortest period, and at the least expense. He is told the best mode of reaching any particular place, and, when he has arrived there, a glance down two or three pages of the "Guide" shows him at once where he may find a suitable hostelry, and what there is in the locality worth seeing. These are certainly the most comprehensive and practically useful guide-books we have seen. To those who do not require all the details introduced into Mr. Murray's voluminous and instructive aids to travel, we cordially recommend these, which are cheap as well as full of information.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED. A Book for Old and Young. Second Series. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

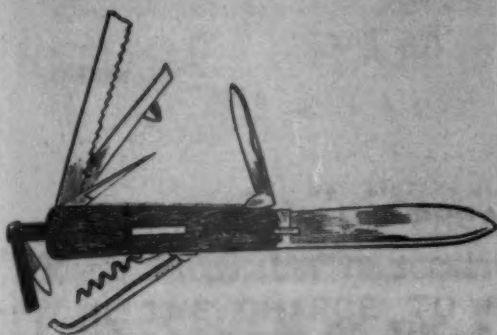
It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Timbs has volunteered to enlighten the public a second time on things not generally known, when we see, in his address to the "gentle reader" of this volume, that he, or rather his publishers, have disposed of twenty-three thousand copies of his former work—such a result is a powerful argument in favour of continuing the catalogue. What a mass of curious, entertaining, and instructive information is gathered into this little book, which, though trenching occasionally upon Hone's domain, the "Every-day Book," is of a more comprehensive and varied character; and how many records and volumes, unknown to, or forgotten by all, save the "dusty antiquarian," must Mr. Timbs have searched through, to collect all the "things" he here brings to light—things which are chiefly of a domestic character, old English manners, ceremonies, and customs, meals, and housewifery, herbs, and fruits, old plays, pageants, and music, laws, legal customs, home proverbs, sayings and phrases, phenomena of life, and many other subjects; the knowledge of which will help to make us wiser than we are, while many of them ought to render us thankful that we live at a time when the eyes of our understanding are opened to truths of which our forefathers were ignorant.

RECREATIONS IN SHOOTING; with some Account of the Game of the British Islands. By CRAVEN. Published by H. G. Bohn, London.

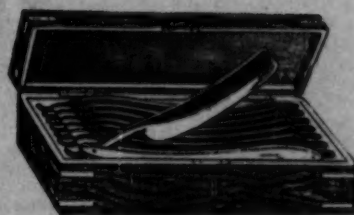
As we candidly admit we have no pretensions to be considered a good "shot," and to be profoundly ignorant of the relative sporting value of a gun, by "Joe" Manton, Nock, Egg, or any other celebrated maker, we cannot enjoy Craven's "Recreations" with that zest which a thorough sportsman would feel in accompanying him over moor and mountain, through wood and thicket. But we can relish his descriptions of natural history, and delight ourselves with the numerous engravings, on steel and wood, which illustrate the volume. There is so much in it to interest others beside the sportsman, that it should, and must, find a welcome among many to whom grouse, partridge, and pheasant are nothing more than acceptable dishes on the dinner-table, or pretty objects to look at, when one chances to catch a sight of them, during an early ride or stroll in the country.

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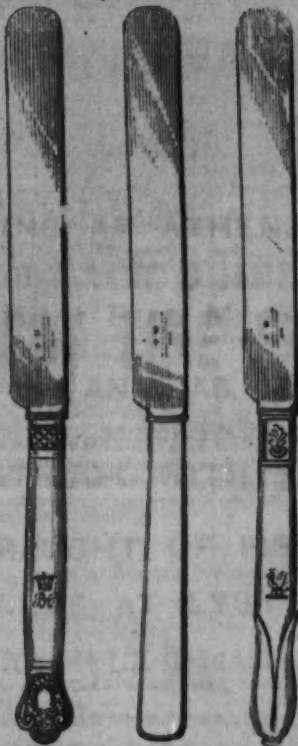
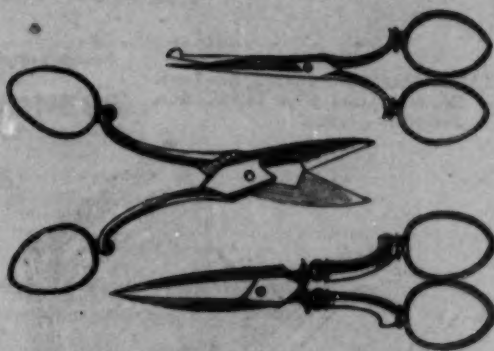
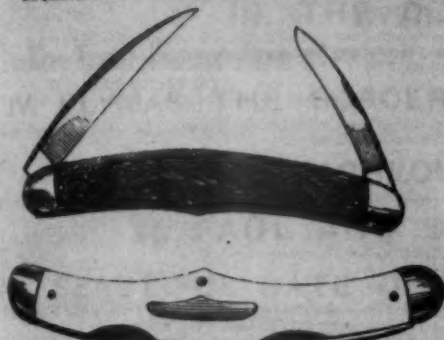


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FRUIT PIE.—Bake or stew the fruit with sugar, put it into a pie-dish, then pour over it Corn Flour boiled with milk, in the proportion of four ounces of the Flour to one quart of milk, then brown it before the fire, or in the oven. This makes a covering lighter and more delicious than pie-crust.

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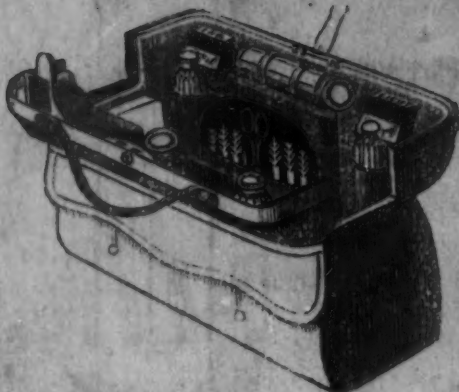
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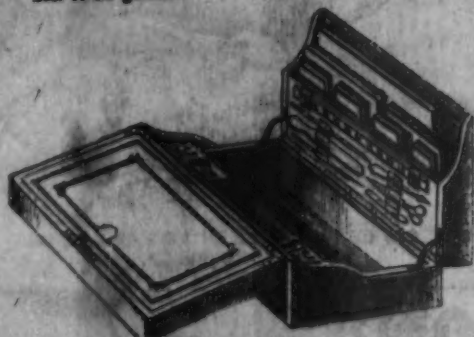
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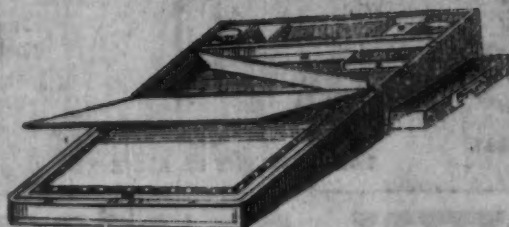
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